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5 Cents.

PLUCK AND LUCK

THE YOUNG RIP VAN WINKLE

A STORY OF ADVENTURE

AND OTHER STORIES

BY RICHARD R. MONTGOMERY



"Fritz! Fritz! Stop! Stop," cried Mrs. Van Winkle, as the enraged father seized a cane and commenced raining blows on Rip's head. "Oud of mine house, you good-for-noddings!" cried the enraged father

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PLUCK AND LUCK

Stories of Adventure

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THE YOUNG RIP VAN WINKLE

A STORY OF ADVENTURE

By RICHARD R. MONTGOMERY

CHAPTER I.

THE PERIL AND RESCUE.

On a lovely October afternoon, some fifty years ago, a stout youth of nineteen years of age, accompanied by his faithful dog, might have been seen descending the side of a spur of the Alleghany ridge of mountains, in the State of Pennsylvania. Away down at the foot of the mountains, nestled among towering trees, lay the quaint little village of Shadyside. Little wreaths of blue smoke curled lazily above the tree-tops from the old-fashioned Dutch chimneys, and floated dreamily away with the misty haze of the valley.

Beautiful—beautiful, indeed, was the quaint little Dutch village, with its white cottages seen here and there through the foliage of the trees from where the youth stopped and gazed upon it.

No wonder his eyes sparkled as he looked upon the lovely scene. He leaned on his gun and looked down into the little valley below, while his faithful dog crouched at his feet.

Suddenly his dog sprang up and showed unmistakable signs of excitement.

A wild scream the next moment startled the youth.

"Heavens!" exclaimed he, "what is that?"

The dog bristled up and fairly trembled with excitement.

"Down, Karl!" commanded the youth, and the faithful dog crouched low down on the ground.

But the next moment he was up again.

For a deer bounded by up the mountainside.

The dog sped away in pursuit.

Raising his gun with the quickness that denoted the experienced hunter, the youth fired, and the noble buck sprang high up in the air, and fell back in a death agony—shot through the heart.

"Ah, that is a fine one!" said the youthful hunter, advancing toward the game.

"Help—help!"

"Heavens! that voice again—down there, too!" and turning away from the prize he had just secured, he sped away down the mountain toward a craggy ravine that had cut a chasm down the slope during a thousand storms.

Twice—thrice did a piercing scream resound over the mountainside as he hurried toward the chasm.

Reaching its brink, he peered over the abyss just as another cry of:

"Help—help! Oh, must I die?"

Seizing a limb, he leaned far over and looked down.

Far below, clinging to a bush that grew in the crevice of the crags, he saw a human being.

A white face was turned up toward him with an appealing look, and the cry of:

"Oh, Rip, save me!" and then fainted—falling and lodging across a projecting crag.

"Katrina! Good heavens!" gasped the youth, staggering back as if stricken a terrible blow between the eyes. But in a moment he recovered and again looked over into the awful chasm.

But only for a moment.

He turned away and sprang up the mountainside like a maniac, followed by his faithful Karl.

Reaching the carcass of the buck, he drew his knife, seized a leg, drew it over on its back, and by a quick, dexterous stroke cut the skin from neck to tail.

"Here, Karl—help if you love me—hold there!"

The dog seized the throat and held the carcass in position for him to skin it.

Great drops of perspiration stood out like beads on the youth's forehead as he worked with a terrible—almost super-human energy.

Laying the skin on the ground, he cut it into a round circle by cutting off the legs, neck and tail. Then seizing it with his left hand, he held the knife in his right and ran it around the circle, cutting a continuous ribbon about two inches in width, which, when all cut, made a length of over sixty feet.

"Come, Karl!" he almost screamed, seizing the long rope of deer hide, and bounding back toward the chasm.

Looking over the side of the yawning abyss, he saw the white face of the young girl still silent and motionless.

"Heavens—let her not die—my Katrina!" he groaned, as he sprang back and began fastening one end of the deer hide to a sapling. This done, he threw the other end over the brink and watched it fall. The end reached several feet below the maiden.

"Karl—watch that!" he said, laying his hand on the knot he had tied around the bush, and then taking a good grip on the deer skin, he sprang over the brink of the precipice. The strain on the bush and deer skin was terrible; but it held fast.

Down—down he slid, till the unconscious maiden was reached.

She had fainted dead away and lodged against a projecting crag. The slightest movement would precipitate her upon the rocks three hundred feet below. He comprehended the peril at a glance.

"Don't wake, Katrina!" he muttered, trying to secure a foothold on the crag. "I know not if you be dead or alive—but wait—wait, darling, but a moment!"

Quickly passing the lower end of the deer skin twice around the waist of the unconscious girl, he tied it hard and fast.

"Saved—saved—my Katrina!" he cried, with delirious joy, and the next moment, losing his footing, would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks, had he not clutched wildly at the deer skin and thus saved himself.

Looking up at the towering brink of the chasm, he beheld his faithful Karl looking down at him.

"Back, Karl!" he cried. "I am coming up. She is saved!"

Then commenced the greatest struggle.

As he climbed upward he would frequently slip downward.

A rope of grass or hemp would have been better. But one of green deer hide was the worst of all for climbing. Up—up he struggled, slipping back now and then, till he was compelled to seize it with his teeth in order to hold the advantage he had gained.

Desperate, indeed, was the chance of his reaching the top, but the thought that the life of the young girl on the crag below depended on his reaching the surface of the brink nerved him to still more desperate efforts. At last he reached the top, and lay panting on the brink. Faithful Karl barked for joy at his narrow escape, and licked his face to show his appreciation for his young master.

A scream again startled him, and springing to his feet, he peered over the brink of the chasm, and saw Katrina dangling at the end of the deer skin, having recovered consciousness, moved and fell off the crag. The sudden check the rope gave to her fall awakened her thoroughly, and she screamed with all her might.

"Save me—save me, Rip Van Winkle!"

"I will, Katrina, if this deer skin does not break!" cried the youth, tugging away with all his strength, pulling her up. It was no easy task, for she was no ephemeral creature. She weighed every ounce of 140 pounds, and every pennyweight was a pound of gold in the eyes of the brave youth.

The projecting crags and bushes hindered him not a little.

"Push away from that crag there, Katrina!" he cried, pantingly, "and then you won't get bruised so much—there—up you come! Don't be frightened—I won't let you fall—up—there!—push off from that bush—hold, I must rest a while—off, Karl! Now again—there now—wait till I tie it around this sapling—now give me your hand—saved—saved, my Katrina!" and as the young girl stood on her feet near the brink of the chasm, the brave youth, exhausted—overcome with joy—sank down on the soft grass in a still, death-like swoon.

"Oh, Rip—Rip, are you dead?" cried the girl, in terrified amazement, as, standing over him, she gazed down at her preserver. The dog Karl licked his face and barked joyously, as if proud of the exploit of his brave young master.

"Rip—Rip—my Rip! Speak to me—your Katrina! Oh! heavens, he is dead!" and with a wail of despair she sank down upon the unconscious body of the youth.

They both lay there until the barking of the dog recalled them. The youth looked around as though uncertain of his whereabouts, and saw Katrina lying across him with the deer skin still tied around her waist.

"Katrina—Katrina!" he called, "you are saved—saved from death! Speak to me—your Rip!"

But it required quite a time to arouse her, and not until he

took her in his arms and covered her face with ardent kisses did she open her eyes.

"Katrina!"

"Rip!"

And the youthful lovers were folded to each other's hearts. She laid her head on his bosom and wept tears of joy. He whom she loved better than all the world beside had saved her life at the risk of his own.

"How did it happen, Katrina?" he asked after a lengthy pause.

"I was coming down the mountain when a deer rushed by so close to me that in leaping aside I went over the brink. Oh, Rip, but for you I would now be down there—dead!"

"Yes, darling, and but for that deer you would be there, too!"

"How so, Rip?"

"I shot him, and he furnished the rope that drew you up to life and safety again," he replied, taking out his knife and cutting loose the deer skin that encircled her waist.

"Well, he ought to have done so for having frightened me so," she said, looking at the long strip of hide as it lay on the ground attached to the brush. "But you must have made quick work skinning him, Rip."

"So I did, Katrina. A deer was never skinned so quickly before. It was my only hope of saving you, darling."

"What would you have done, Rip, had you not killed that deer?"

"Killed Karl, there, and made a rope of him!" was the reply of the young lover.

Katrina gave him a sweet smile, for she well knew how dearly he loved his dog.

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, murmuring:

"My darling Rip; how I love you!"

"And I would die for you, Katrina," murmured he, returning her caresses.

"They say you are lazy and good-for-nothing, Rip, but you are all the world to me," said Katrina, as she rested her head against his heart.

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed the young lover, pressing her to his bosom, "I don't know but they tell the truth, Katrina. I am not fond of work, but I love you, and am willing to work ever so hard for you."

"That's what I say to father and mother, but they won't believe me. Oh, if you would only convince them, dear Rip!"

"I will, darling, I will. I'll give 'em the two haunches of that buck, and——"

"Oh, yes, where is it?"

"Up there!" and leading her up the mountainside a little distance, to where lay the carcass of the noble buck, he proceeded to cut off the two hindquarters. Throwing them over his shoulder, he gave her his gun, and together they started toward the village.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVER.

The sun was sinking behind the crest of the Alleghanians when young Rip Van Winkle and Katrina Heinrich entered the village of Shadyside. Everybody knew them, and all loved the gentle maiden by Rip's side. Jolly, good-natured, full of fun and frolic, young Rip was a universal favorite with the young people of the village.

But not so with the old people.

They shook their heads and declared him too lazy to be living even for himself and dog.

Many gratuitous hints were given old Peter Heinrich by his neighbors, to the effect that Katrina would literally throw herself away if she married "that good-for-nothing Rip."

But the sturdy old Dutchman smoked his pipe, drank his beer, and gave no thought to the young people.

Katrina walked proudly by the side of her handsome lover, carrying his gun and chatting gayly with the young people who flocked about them as they passed on toward her home. The game Rip carried told of his prowess as a hunter.

Of that she was proud.

But she was prouder still when, after telling the story of his wonderful exploit in rescuing her from a terrible death, the youths and maidens of Shadyside praised him as the bravest and truest of men. Quite a crowd followed them to the house of old Peter Heinrich, their interest excited by the story she had told them.

On reaching the home of her parents, Katrina rushed into the house and threw herself weeping on the bosom of her mother.

"Mine gracious, Katrina, what is the matter with you?" anxiously inquired the good dame, on seeing several bruises on her face, and noticing her very great excitement.

"Oh, mother, I thought I would never—never see you again!" cried Katrina, weeping from sheer joy.

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Katrina?"

"Oh, mother, I have had such a narrow escape! Rip saved me from a terrible death!"

"My child in danger!" gasped the affectionate mother, clasping her beautiful daughter closer to her side. "What was it? Who did it? Who dares to harm——"

"Here is the chap that did it," said Rip, advancing into the room, and depositing the two haunches of venison on the table.

"Who? You?" asked the mother.

"No—the deer," said Rip, smiling, as he pointed to the game.

"Ah," said old Peter, removing the pipe from his mouth, "the deer chased her, and you shot him mit der gun, eh?"

Old Peter could never speak pure English like his wife and children. He was a native of the old country, while they were born at the base of the Alleghanies.

"No, father!" exclaimed Katrina, as she saw Rip smile without making any explanations. "It was not that way. He risked his life to save me," and then she hurriedly told the story of her peril and gallant rescue in a dramatic manner.

The father and mother were surprised—dumfounded.

The good dame threw her arms around Rip's neck and kissed him repeatedly.

"You pe's a prave poy, Rip, if yer do pe so lazy as der duy-vil," said old Peter, grasping his hand and shaking it heartily. "Trink some schnapps mit me an' kiss Katrina for luck, eh?"

"Don't care if I do," said Rip, smiling; and laying aside his game bag, he sat down by the little table and joined the sturdy old Dutchman in a glass of schnapps.

"Oh, I forgot," exclaimed Katrina, after some ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed, "Rip has had no supper, and I know he is hungry."

"Never mind about that, Katrina," said Rip, "I'll get some when I get home."

"Nix," said old Peter; "you trinks mit me und eats mit me. Eh, Katrina?"

"Yes, father, for I know he is very hungry," replied the happy maiden, hastily putting on an apron and proceeding to prepare a supper for herself and Rip.

The family had eaten their evening meal two hours before. But that made no difference with Katrina Heinrich. She was

worth a dozen of the pretty sweet little dears of the present day, in that she was practical—useful.

She seized a carving knife and cut several large, juicy slices from the venison ham which Rip had deposited on the table, and hurried out into the old-fashioned Dutch kitchen to broil them.

"Trink some more schnapps mit me, Rip, und say Katrina ish von goot girl, eh?" said old Peter, his heart warming under the genial influences of the schnapps and his love for his pretty daughter.

"Oh, yes," Rip replied, "it is a pleasure to do either."

"Yaw—und what you do mit dat teer, eh?"

"Oh, you can have it. I brought it home for Katrina."

"Mine gracious, dat meat vill last so long as a week, eh?"

"Yes," said his wife, smiling.

Old Peter Heinrich was very fond of venison, and very—very close-fisted in money matters. He mentally calculated how long the two venison hams would last his family, and was well pleased with the result.

Katrina came in, and with rosy cheeks, flashing eyes, and one of the sweetest smiles, said:

"Come, Rip, I know you are hungry. I have broiled a steak for you, and mother and father, too, so come with us."

Rip needed no second invitation. The schnapps had given him an increased appetite. He rose up and followed her into the kitchen, where the maiden's parents joined them a minute or two later.

"How nice this bread, coffee and steak is," said Rip, as he fell to and ate of the good things before him.

Katrina was the happiest maiden in the village at that moment.

He had praised her cooking.

She could ask no more.

"Yah, dot ish goot," said old Peter, disposing of the slice she had broiled for him. "What you do mit de fore parts, eh?"

"I left them on the mountain," said Rip. "I didn't care for any part but the hams."

"Mine goodness gracious!" exclaimed the astonished old farmer, "what for you do dot, eh? Dot ish so goot as dis, poy."

"Oh, if you want them, I'll go and get them for you," replied Rip, good-naturedly.

"No—no," cried Katrina, in alarm; "not to-night—not to-night, Rip."

"Why not? The wolves will get them before morning."

"Oh, they have eaten it ere now," she replied. "Besides, you might stumble over into the chasm in the dark."

"Why, Katrina!" laughed he, "I am one big eye all over. I can see like an owl in the dark."

"Yah, we will go find him," said old Peter Heinrich, rising from the table and preparing to go out. In spite of all she could do, Katrina was forced to see her lover carried off by her sturdy parent, who was determined to secure the other half of the slain buck.

Rip went with him in the best of spirits, for the old man was the father of Katrina. That was enough for him to know.

But the maiden sat up until near midnight, at which time they returned with the four quarters of the buck.

"I know you are tired," she whispered in his ear as he dropped into a chair, "going back a second time."

"I could do it a dozen times for you, dear," was the reply that brought a happy light to her eyes and a glow to her cheeks.

"Yaw, but trink some schnapps," urged old Peter, "und den you kiss mit Katrina und go home."

Rip drank the schnapps, of course. Who, of the name of Van Winkle, ever refused a glass of schnapps?

He then kissed Katrina good-night, shouldered his gun and game bag and departed.

When he returned to his own house the entire family were asleep. It was the old Dutch custom to "early to bed and early to rise," and old Fritz Van Winkle never deviated from the customs of his fathers.

Rip entered and crept softly up to his room. Of course every inch of the old-fashioned Dutch farmhouse was known to him even on the darkest night. Karl, his faithful dog companion, always slept in the room with him.

The next morning Rip slept later than usual on account of having been so long out with old Peter Heinrich the night before. When he came down he met only his mother in the kitchen. His father had eaten breakfast and gone out on the farm, which lay on the outskirts of the village.

"You were out late last night, Rip," said his mother, with an anxious look on her motherly face, as he returned to the kitchen with a half dozen squirrels in his hands, which had lain in his game bag all night.

"Your father is very angry with you for not helping the hands in the field yesterday," remarked his mother, "and he will give you a scolding when he sees you."

"I did work a while, mother, but you know I don't like such work; besides, the matter was not one of such haste."

"But you ought to help do your share of work on the farm, Rip," said the good dame. "How in the world will you ever make a living if you don't work?"

That was a question that had been asked the youth a thousand times, and his only reply was a smile or a good-natured remark.

"I guess I can work enough to live by, mother," he replied, as he sat down to the table. "See here, I've brought home a square meal now," and holding up the six squirrels before her eyes, he admired them like an old hunter. "Every one of them shot through the head."

Mrs. Van Winkle sighed, and took the squirrels from him, saying:

"There's your breakfast. It's getting cold."

Rip sat down and ate his breakfast in silence, after which he left the house and strolled out on the farm where the men were at work.

CHAPTER III.

FATHER AND SON.

The first man he met was his father, old Fritz Van Winkle.

"Dunder und blitzen, Rip!" exclaimed the irascible old Dutchman, "vere you be you no come to vork, eh?"

"I was out late last night, father," said he, good-naturedly, "and overslept myself. I am ready to go to work now, though."

"Thunder! You do so much vork as never vas, eh? You go mit dot Katrina Heinrich, und don't vork mit me any more. You shtarve to death, eh?"

"Oh, we won't starve yet awhile, father," smiled Rip. "I thought you all could get along without me for one day."

"Von day! Thunder! You go mit von year, und never vork

tree dimes. Py gracious, if you don't work mit me some more, out you go mit der door."

Rip had heard his father in such moods before. He only smiled good-naturedly, pulled off his coat and joined the men in the field gathering the crop. He worked steadily but slowly, talking and laughing with the men, with whom he was a general favorite, until the middle of the afternoon, at which time he left the field and strolled down into the village.

"Halloo, Rip!" greeted him on every side, for the story of his exploit the day before had circulated on every side, gathering force as it went, until finally the most impossible things were said of him. He laughed and joked with everybody, and at sunset returned homeward to avoid a storm that was coming up.

Old Fritz Van Winkle was detained in the village by the storm. He heard the story in all its facts and fancies from a dozen different sources; among other things, that Rip had killed the finest buck of the season and given it to Katrina's father.

That bit of information maddened him.

He wanted venison as well as Peter Heinrich.

Growling like a bear he trudged homeward through the rain, which had abated somewhat, reaching his house in a blustering rage.

"Vere ish dot Rip?" he growled, as he laid off his wet coat and put on a dry one, shoving his round-eyed spectacles to the top of his head.

"He is in the kitchen, cleaning his gun," replied his wife, who sat before the wide, old-fashioned Dutch tiled fire-place, with Karl and the cat at her feet.

Just then Rip entered the room with his gun, having finished cleaning it.

"You goot-for-noddings!" cried the irate old farmer, you no vork mit me! You go shoot mit der gun und gif all der game mit Peter Heinrich! Gracious, you no lif mit me some more. Git oud of mine house, you goot--for-noddings lazy villain——"

"Fritz—Fritz!" cried Rip's mother, springing up and rushing to her husband, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"Madder mit me! Vat is der madder mit him?" He vorks not mit me any more. He dakes his gun, kill der buck deer und gifs him to Peter Heinrich und prings von leetle shquirrel home mit his bag. He stays mit mine house no more. Git out of mine house and——"

"Fritz—Fritz—stop—stop!" cried Mrs. Van Winkle, as the enraged father seized a stout cane and commenced raining blow after blow on Rip's devoted head.

"Oud—oud of mine house, you lazy good-for-nodding!" cried the enraged father, dealing him a blow with the cane that sent him staggering toward the door.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Dame Van Winkle, wringing her hands in motherly anguish.

"I will go, father," said Rip, his face pale as death, "and never darken your door with my presence again."

"Go mit der mischief oud of mine house!"

"Fritz, my husband! Rip, my son, don't go!" cried the wife and mother, wringing her hands and turning first to one and then the other.

"I will go, mother, but won't forget you. Rip Van Winkle will never stay where he is beaten; farewell, mother—dear

mother. Come Karl, faithful friend, we are not wanted here. Mother—mother—mo——”

The sentence was drowned in the roar of the storm as he passed out of the house where he was born, a homeless wanderer, in the land of his birth.

CHAPTER IV.

A HOMELESS WANDERER.

Out in the driving storm young Rip moved away from the threshold of the old home like one unconscious of what he was doing. He seemed dazed and uncertain in his movements save in one thing, and that was in the fact that he must leave the house. Turning neither to the right nor left, he trudged straight forward through the village toward the base of the mountain.

Not a single human being did he meet in the streets of the village. The driving storm of wind and rain had sent everybody within doors, and every door and window was closed. He saw no one and nobody saw him. So he and Karl kept straight on ahead, neither thinking nor caring of where they went.

The cruel words and still more cruel blows of his angry father seemed to burn into his very soul. In his remembrance of them the very storm that raged and howled around him was forgotten.

His cheeks were flushed and a fever danced in his blood. To stop and think would have produced madness. An irresistible impulse impelled him onward; and he moved with a quick step that would have astonished those who knew him as the slow, good-natured, easy-going Rip, who would do anything in his power to oblige a friend.

At last he reached the foot of the mountain. He did not stop to look where he was going. He had gone up on the mountain so often to hunt game that it seemed he had no other place to go to.

Up—up he ascended in the darkness, Karl close at his heels. The rush of the water down the great chasm in the mountain-side was heard above the roar of the storm. He knew every foot of the mountain. He had wandered over it since the days of his childhood. What had he to fear?

Suddenly the rain ceased.

The wind died away and the clouds began to break.

It was going to clear.

Stray moonbeams struggled through the drifting clouds, lighting up the mountain with a pale, weird light. The rain-drops on the browning October leaves glistened in the flitting moonlight like so many fairy diamonds which rattled down upon him whenever he touched a bush in passing.

But young Rip did not pause to examine or admire the scene. He pressed on up the mountain till he passed the spot where he rescued Katrina Heinrich from a terrible death in the great chasm. At any other time he would have stopped and gazed down into the black abyss for the sake of the love he bore the pretty maiden. But not now.

His thoughts were occupied with other things.

He passed on up—higher and higher, till the great chasm became smaller among the jagged rocks near the crest of the mountain.

Suddenly Karl ran in front, turned, and facing him, barked furiously.

“What is it, Karl?” he asked, speaking for the first time since leaving his father’s house.

Karl answered with a very emphatic bark, acting as though he protested against any further progress in that direction.

“Why, Karl, what’s the matter with you? There is nothing here that I can see. You surely do not want to go back home?”

“Bow-wow!” protested Karl, each particular bristle on his back standing erect as quills on a fretful porcupine.

“Is it a bear or wolf, Karl?” Rip asked, after rather a short pause.

But Karl looked steadily at his master, and barked again, and very emphatically, too, which Rip knew he would not do were there any game about. In that case he would have turned and faced the game instead of his master.

“Sorry you can’t speak plainer, good Karl!” said Rip, “for I really can’t understand you this time,” and with that he started forward again. But, to his amazement, Karl reared up, placed his forepaws against his breast, and whined piteously.

Rip stopped, and letting the breech of his gun drop to the ground, he leaned on the muzzle of the weapon and gazed with a puzzled air at the dog.

“What in the name of old Kringle does he mean?” he muttered. “I never saw him act that way before. If it was a bear he would growl and show fight—and the same were it a wolf. I don’t know much about this particular spot—never was here but once or twice, and then didn’t stop,” and looking around at the huge crags and boulders so distinctly revealed under the clear, pale light of a full moon, he saw nothing unusual in the wild solitude of the scene. But the very unusual behavior of the dog made him pause. He sat down on a boulder and gazed at the faithful animal, and tried to read the strange actions he had seen.

Suddenly Karl sprang forward and backed up between his master’s knees, growling, but evidently in great fear.

“Why, Karl, good fellow,” said Rip, “what’s the matter with you? I never saw—— Donder and blitzen.”

He looked up and saw a strange object approaching from behind a cluster of crags hitherto deemed inaccessible.

He sprang up and glared at the man—for so the object proved to be—and seemed undecided whether to retreat or stand his ground and fire. But he stood still and eyed the man as though suspicious of him.

The man approached, and when within some five paces of young Rip, stopped and looked him full in the face.

Rip returned his gaze, and saw that he was a hunchback—that his back protruded outward and upward in such a manner as to render it an unusually odd appearance.

But this was not what attracted Rip.

On either side of this hump were two five-gallon kegs, held together by a cord that passed over it—like a pair of saddlebags. Something seemed to be the matter with the kegs. One would slip down about his ankles, and the other dangle about his hump in a comical way.

While trying to keep the kegs in position the strange man, with his red nose and broad Dutch face, kept gazing at young Rip, as though he could not take his eyes from him.

At last Rip, having recovered from his surprise, spoke:

"What's the matter with your kegs? Is one heavier than the other?"

At the sound of his voice one of the kegs fell to the ground, and rolled forward toward Rip with such force as to send Karl leaping back with a "Ki yi-yi!" with one of his forefeet slightly mashed.

"What's the matter now, Karl? Hurt, eh? Why, this keg is heavy, old man."

The strange old man nodded his head and pointed to the keg, and then made a sign of weariness that at once aroused Rip's sympathies.

"Tired, eh? Well, if you don't live too far away I'll help you carry it, if you wish me to."

The stranger nodded again, and pointing to the keg, took up the other, and started off toward the wildest-looking part of the crags nearest the great chasm.

"Well, come on, Karl," he said, shouldering the keg and starting on after the stranger. "Who knows but that we may some day stand in need of just such a friend. Lead on, old Kringie—I can keep up with you, I guess. Donder und blitzen, Karl! what's the matter with you to-night, anyhow?"

The dog was acting strangely.

As his young master started off the poor dog uttered a long wailing howl that reverberated far and wide through the mountains. Rip wheeled around and looked at the dog.

Karl arose up on his hind feet and sent up another doleful howl.

The old man turned and glared at the dog a moment, muttered something in an unknown tongue, at which Karl instantly hushed and quietly crept to his master's feet and lay down.

"Come, good Karl," said Rip, stooping and patting him on the head, "be a good dog and follow me as you have always done. If I can go I am sure you can," and without another word Rip turned away to follow the stranger.

Karl followed closely at his heels, the most dolefully solemn-looking dog the world has ever seen.

There was something that was troubling the dog that Rip did not understand.

The hunchback led the way behind a huge boulder which stood on the very brink of the chasm, and started down a rugged path that seemed stuck on the side of the precipice.

"No, no!" and Rip drew back in terror from the dangerous pathway. "I can't walk that, old fellow. You may be used to it, but a slip would send me crashing down on the rocks below."

The hunchback, some ten paces in advance, looked back and beckoned to him.

Rip shook his head and refused to go.

Karl then advanced and ran along the path with apparent ease.

Rip followed, bearing the keg on his shoulder, and was surprised to see with what ease he could go where he had thought no human foot could tread.

Around, in and out among the crags they went, the silent old hunchback leading the way and Rip following, the keg seeming to grow strangely heavy as he progressed.

Rip was getting tired.

"I say, my handsome old friend," said Rip, good-naturedly,

"wouldn't it be wise for us to stop, rest a while and tap one of these kegs?"

But the old hunchback said not a word. He pressed on, going over and around the crags with the agility of a lad of ten.

Rip kept on, looking around him at the wonderful scenery. High above him towered the great crags, whilst around and before him lay a beautiful green sward, with caverns near by, trees and sparkling hills—a scene of surpassing beauty. As he admired these he saw not the old hunchback making motions and signals with his hands as he progressed.

Suddenly he found himself surrounded by at least a score of quaint-looking old Dutch characters, who gazed upon him with good-natured, smiling curiosity, but without uttering a single word.

He stopped, put down the keg, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and looked around at the strangers.

"How do you all do?" he said. "I didn't know so many people lived on the mountain."

But never a word did they answer him. He glared in astonishment, and gazed around for the little old hunchback.

He was gone.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE ROLE OF SILENCE.

Young Rip began to feel uncomfortable. He was not used to such receptions among the good people with whom he had come in contact, honest, good-natured salutation of the young man.

"Who the deuce are you people, anyway?" he finally asked, turning to an elderly-looking man near by. "My name is Rip Van Winkle, and—oh, you ain't sociable, I see! Well, I'd like to say good-by to every mother's son of you and go back home—but I haven't got any home now. Karl and I am going to live somewhere in the mountains, ain't we, Karl?"

Karl wagged his tail and rubbed his head against his master's knee.

Still the little people did not speak.

"Well, if you don't ask me to take a seat, I'll just sit down on the ground here and rest a while. I am tired and dry, too, as I've walked all the way up from Shadyside without stopping;" and laying his gun down on the green sward, he took off his game bag and hung it on the limb of a sapling near him. He then sat down by the side of his gun, leaned against a stone and gazed around at the queer, silent characters who stood about him.

They returned his gaze, but uttered not a word.

Rip was puzzled.

"What kind of people are you that you don't speak to a fellow?" he asked, after a pause. "Haven't any of you got tongues? Maybe you don't understand my language. Just let me hear what you can do in the way of the good old Amsterdam lingo, and maybe I can help you out a little—eh? Not a word! Schnapps! Do you understand that? A keg of good old schnaps would loosen every tongue in these mountains. No? Well, hanged if I ain't out! I say, old——" and taking hold of one of the sturdy old Dutchmen near him,

he started to appeal to him, but ere he could say his say the old man quietly released his hold and walked away.

"What in the name of old Kringle does this mean?" exclaimed young Rip, glaring around at the Dutchmen. "What's the matter with you all? I ain't done anything wrong, and you needn't be afraid of me. Hanged if I am afraid of even the old man of the mountains. Where's old hunchback? If he'll show me the way out of this place I'll go at once and stay away."

Just then he saw old hunchback approaching the group with a keg on his shoulder. He advanced a little beyond the group and placed the keg on a rock, fitting it in a place that seemed to have been cut out for it, some three feet above the ground.

The silent Dutchmen then took seats around him on rocks and boulders—wherever they could find convenient resting places, and turned their attention to the keg, ignoring entirely the presence of young Rip, as though no such person existed. Their quaint dress looked very picturesque in the light of the full moon, which peeped over the mountain's craggy crest as if to light up the weird scene for young Rip's special benefit.

At a signal from the old hunchback, every man drew from out of some pocket in his old Dutch coat a large silver tankard, or drinking cup, which he held out toward the keg on the rock. The hunchback took them, one by one, and filled them with some kind of liquor from the keg.

The rich aroma of schnapps filled the air, and young Rip snuffed it eagerly. But as they all raised their cups, and silently drank the aromatic liquor, his eyes flashed indignantly that they did not invite him to drink with them.

"Karl, good dog!" he muttered, laying his hand on Karl's head, "I notice that all dogs haven't four feet and a tail like you. Those who have only two feet and no tail to wag are generally the meanest bred, and it would be in an insult to an honest dog like you to call one of 'em a dog. They don't seem to notice us when there is anything to drink about. If there is anything meaner than that I don't want to know it. Listen! They are going to sing a song, I guess."

As he spoke young Rip looked around at the queer characters, and saw that each had again filled his drinking cup. The old hunchback rapped on the keg with his tankard, as if calling for order. They all rose to their feet, holding their glasses high above their heads. Suddenly each opened his mouth and sang—in pantomime.

Rip gazed in dumfounded amazement. They seemed to be singing with tremendous energy, yet Rip could not hear a sound.

"The holy saints protect us," muttered young Rip. "I must be deaf—I can't hear a word they say! Karl!"

Karl looked up, wagged his tail, and gave a low whine, which Rip heard distinctly.

"I heard you, then, my boy—and I can hear myself talk—but I can't hear a word of that song! What in the name of old Kringle does it mean, anyhow?"

The song ceased—so he judged from the motions of the silent singers—and each man drained his cup to the dregs, smacking their lips in silent satisfaction as they did so.

Rip could stand it no longer.

The aromatic fumes of the rare good schnapps which the silent party had been drinking was a temptation he could not well resist.

"I say, hunchy," he called to the old hunchback, who presided at the keg, "I think that after doing what I have done for you, a fellow might be invited to drink at least once, even if your stingy souls couldn't stand a second treat. Just pass a cupful of them schnapps over this way, if you please."

But, as before, no attention was paid to him, and he leaned back against the rock with an air of supreme contempt for the whole crowd.

What was he up against?

The measure of his disgust was full.

He could say or do no more.

Other songs were sung, speeches made, and toasts drank, not a syllable of which was heard by young Rip, though he listened for the slightest sound.

"They don't seem to be getting drunk," muttered Rip, as glassful after glassful disappeared down the thirsty throats of the silent revelers; "but I wish they would, for then some drunken Dutchman might feel generous enough to ask me to have some schnapps. Goodness, how dry I am!"

Just then the hunchback drew a mugful from the keg, and advancing toward young Rip, held it toward him.

Was he to be treated at last?

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed young Rip, his eyes sparkling as he took the heavy, brimming tankard and held it up, "I hope this strain on your generosity will not make you less human than you are. Good schnapps will make all the world akin;" and then, looking around at the queer-looking Dutchmen, who now stared at him in eager expectancy, he politely said:

"Here's to your schnapps: 'May it never cease to flow till it makes us better men—amen!'"

As he raised the cup to his lips and drained it of its contents, the silent Dutchmen suddenly pointed their tankards at him, crying out loudly:

"Ho, ho! Ha, ha! Rip Van Winkle! Ho, ho!" and then relapsed into a strange silence again.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MYSTERIOUS PAPERS.

The sudden noise by the hitherto silent Dutchmen startled young Rip, causing him to stare around in a dazed sort of way.

Rip thought that something was about to happen.

But the Dutchmen never again noticed him. They again filled up their tankards and quaffed the aromatic schnapps in silent gusto, leaving young Rip to be an unsatisfied spectator to their revelry.

"Well, if that doesn't beat old Kringle himself," he muttered, "then I am no judge of queer things. Now, if they would only give you a bone, Karl, they might laugh at you too, eh, old dog?"

Karl gave a wag of his tail that spoke volumes in favor of the bone, but it didn't fetch the bone.

An hour passed, and then the old hunchback waved his hand above his head, as if giving a signal of some kind. Each man quickly thrust his tankard out of sight under his coat, and then turned away, walking off as unconcerned as though he had not tasted a drop of the delicious schnapps. In a couple

of minutes not a man was in sight. Even the old hunchback had placed the keg on his shoulder and marched off with it, leaving Rip alone with his dog.

"Gone!" exclaimed Rip, looking around at the great craggy heights that surrounded the lonely spot, giving a slight shudder at the oppressive solitude of the place, "and not one was polite enough to offer us shelter for the night, Karl. Well—well, I won't insult you by calling 'em dogs, old fellow, but I wouldn't have treated a dog that way. This is a wide—wide world we live in, Karl, and there are many very strange people in it; but I never dreamed of a people having so little fellow feeling as these people have shown. It is a way of the world to kick a man when he is down. We are down now, Karl, and must expect to be kicked. But we'll bear it like philosophers. The kicks won't kill us; we can stand it. But I say, what sort of a place is this, anyhow? Let's have a look around and see if we can't find some kind of shelter for the night."

Leaving his gun and game bag where he had placed them, young Rip wandered over to where the old hunchback had dealt out the aromatic schnapps so liberally to the silent revelers. The aroma of the delightful beverage lingered still about the spot, tantalizing him in no small degree. Wandering still further beyond, he could find no sign of any habitation. Only the towering crags stared him in the face. He even sought among the crags for caverns into which the silent revelers might have gone. But no; no caves were there—only great crags and boulders—whose solitude seemed enhanced by the pale light of the moon.

"Where the mischief did they go?" exclaimed Rip, gazing around in great perplexity. "I can't find a single house around here. They must have some place to go to, that's certain. But where is it?"

Rip started to find out where the little people had disappeared so suddenly.

He made a complete circuit of the little dell, or vale, and found only the craggy sides of the mountain rising up before him in every direction. There were neither houses nor caverns to be seen.

Then he turned to his dog.

"Well, Karl," he said, after a pause, "we've got the whole place to ourselves to-night. I suppose they won't object to our camping out here on the grass. We have no other home now, good Karl. I don't suppose I am any better than you are in some things. We've always been good friends. We will remain friends to the last. I feel very sleepy, somehow. It must be those schnapps I drank. It was a big drink; I was dry—very dry, Karl."

By this time young Rip had returned to the spot where his gun and game bag had been left, and sat down by the rock against which he had leaned while looking on at the drinking scene of the silent Dutchmen.

Karl gave a piteous whine and licked his young master's face and hands in true canine affection.

"Good Karl," said Rip, very drowsily, patting him on the head. "Go to sleep—good dog—I am very sleepy—go to sleep."

But Karl was far from being sleepy. He sprang up and pranced around his young master, barking, whining and licking his face and hands, to the great annoyance of Rip.

Rip wanted to have a nap.

"Go away, Karl," he cried, sharply, kicking at the dog. "I want to sleep."

"Rip Van Winkle—Rip Van Winkle!" called a sharp voice, some distance beyond the rocks where the silent revelry was held.

"Halloo! Who calls me?" cried Rip, suddenly arising up and glaring around, rubbing his eyes as if to more thoroughly arouse himself.

Karl barked furiously, bristling up as if about to engage in deadly combat.

"Hush, Karl! Who calls Rip Van Winkle?"

No answer.

Rip did not know what to make of it.

"Did I really hear some one call, or was it only a fancy?" he muttered, uncertain about it, yet loth to give up the hope that somebody really was near to keep him company the rest of the night.

He sat down again and was almost asleep—a heavy drowsiness having come upon him—when a long, mournful wail sounded far and wide over the little vale, and was echoed and re-echoed from crag to crag. Raising his head by an effort, he listened.

This time he was not deceived.

He heard his name called distinctly twice:

"Rip Van Winkle—Rip Van Winkle!"

"Here I am!" he cried, springing to his feet and reeling forward like a drunken man. "Who calls—who calls Rip Van Winkle?"

A wild scream rang out on the still night air.

Rip's hair stood on end with terror.

He sprang forward to seize his gun, but was stopped by an old woman who rushed toward him, holding a white package above her head.

He drew back as she advanced, but she was swift of foot, and in a moment was at his side.

"Rip Van Winkle!" she cried, suddenly placing the package, which proved to be a bundle of papers, in his hand, "these are the records for which they seek my life! Take them—keep them—hide them till the true heir is found. I am Katrina Von Heinrich, of Hesse Cassel. I fly for my life—farewell—guard the papers with your life. But no—put them here—they may slay you as they would me!" and snatching the papers from his hand, she thrust them into a knothole in the trunk of a gnarled old tree which stood within a few paces of them.

Then with a shrill scream she sprang away, bounding like a frightened fawn toward the spot where Rip had entered the vale in the footsteps of the old hunchback.

In another moment she was out of sight.

Rip glared like one in a dream.

What did it all mean?

He rubbed his eyes, pinched his thigh, spoke to Karl, who crouched at his feet trembling like a leaf, and wondered if he were really awake.

"What the mischief does it all mean, anyhow?" he asked himself, completely confounded by the sudden occurrence. But the next moment he was startled still more on seeing a dozen angry Dutchmen running toward him, brandishing clubs and gesticulating wildly.

"Look out for a dead Dutchman!" he whispered, cocking his gun as he picked it up and stood on the defensive.

Rip was fully awake now.

On came the silent Dutchmen, for they proved to be the same party, or a portion of them, whom Rip had seen at the drinking bout. They did not seem to see or notice Rip, but pushed on in pursuit of the old dame.

"Well—well, what a pack of silent brutes you are!" muttered Rip. "Pursue an old woman like that just to get a bundle of papers from her. I know where they are, but I'd see you all at old Kringle's before I'd tell you."

The pursuing Dutchmen were soon out of sight. Rip stood still and listened, but not a sound disturbed the terrible solitude of the little vale. The absence of the hum of insect life rendered the solitude all the more oppressive. There was literally nothing to relieve the frightfully monotonous silence of the scene.

He stood there waiting and watching until that heavy drowsiness came over him again. He staggered back toward the rock where he had sat, laid down his gun, and stretched himself alongside it.

Then he addressed his dog.

"Karl, good dog," he murmured, "I will feel better after sleeping a while. Wake me up if any more dumb Dutchmen come around this way. I am so sleepy—Katrina—darling—no home—hunchbacks—schnapps——"

As his eyes closed, the last sound he heard was a long, doleful, dismal howl, as of hopeless despair, from his faithful Karl.

CHAPTER VII.

FAITHFUL KATRINA.

The reader will doubtless remember the night when old Fritz Van Winkle cudgeled young Rip so unmercifully, and drove him from the parental roof—how a furious storm of wind and rain was raging at the time.

Good Dame Van Winkle loved her jolly, good-natured son, knowing that, notwithstanding his aversion to work, he had a good heart. He was always kind and affectionate to her, hence she grieved sorely when she saw him driven out in the storm without food or shelter.

She swooned like one dead, and remained unconscious so long that old Fritz became greatly alarmed. He sent one of his hired men to one of his neighbors for aid.

Several neighbors came in and aided in restoring her to consciousness.

She came to with a groan and a shriek.

"Don't—don't, Fritz! He's our boy!" she moaned. "You will kill him!"

Old Fritz was forced to explain matters to his neighbors, which he did by telling the truth—that he had driven young Rip from home that night, which caused his good dame to faint.

Nearly all the old people of the village of Shadyside declared the next day that old Fritz had done right—that young Rip was old enough and strong enough to support himself, and that it was right to force him to do so. But the young people of both sexes were unanimous in condemning the action of the old Dutchman. Rip was universally liked—everybody was his friend.

Rip was a jolly good fellow with the young people.

Early the next morning Dame Van Winkle hurried over to

see Dame Heinrich, hoping that young Rip would be there, knowing that Katrina would be attraction enough to draw him there if he went anywhere.

"Have you seen Rip?" was the first question she asked on entering the house of the Heinrichs.

"No," replied Dame Heinrich. "Where is he?"

"I only wish I knew," replied the anxious mother; "he left home last night, since which time I've not seen him. Did you see him last night, Katrina?"

"No," said Katrina, turning pale as death; "what is the matter?"

"Something awful has happened. What is it?"

"He and his father quarreled last night—very foolishly—and his father drove him from the house with some very harsh words, telling him not to come back again. Oh! where is my boy?"

"Heavens!" gasped Katrina, "I shall die if harm comes to my Rip."

"Katrina Heinrich," exclaimed Dame Van Winkle, "do you love my boy?"

"Better than I do my own soul do I love Rip Van Winkle," taking the good dame's hand in her own. "Tell me, is he gone away?"

"I don't know where he is. He went away with his dog and gun, and I have not seen him since," replied the mother, with a deep sigh.

"Oh, why did he not come to me?" moaned Katrina. "I would have married him, and then he would have had a home of his own. He saved my life—my life is his—I love him and would work like a slave for him all the days of my life."

"And he loves you. He told me so," said Dame Van Winkle, her eyes filling with tears.

Katrina threw her arms around the anxious mother's neck and called her "mother."

"Yes, you shall have a daughter's place in my heart, Katrina," murmured the dame. "I will love you for your sake and his. He will come back to us, for his love for you will draw him to you. Send me word as soon as you see or hear from him."

"I will—I will," sobbed Katrina, as the good dame took leave of her and returned to her own home, now rendered desolate by this cruel blow.

Such is mother's love.

How it clings to the erring child, even when all the world has forsaken it!

The news flew through the village, and ere noon that day every man, woman and child knew all about it. Many were on the lookout for him, as old Peter Heinrich said he would give him Katrina and a house as a reward for his great exploit in saving his daughter's life.

But young Rip was not seen that day nor the next, and when a week passed without anything being heard from him, public sentiment in the village began to turn against Fritz Van Winkle.

The young men hooted at and taunted him when they met him. Dame Van Winkle grieved herself to a mere shadow of her former self.

"Where is my boy?" she asked of old Fritz every day. But the irate old Dutch farmer swore harder than ever that Rip should not again live under his roof.

He was done with him.

The weeks rolled into months, and still no one had heard

from young Rip. He and his dog had drifted into a mysterious disappearance. Katrina Heinrich tried hard to keep up her courage. She would not believe that Rip would forget her one moment; something was wrong with him. He would write to her—would come back if he could. What, then, was the matter? Why did he not write or come? She loved him, oh, so much—and he was so brave and true—she could not—would not doubt him for a moment.

The months rolled into a year, and still the fate of young Rip Van Winkle remained a mystery. People began to shake their heads, and hint of many things that might have happened to him. Dame Van Winkle and Katrina Heinrich were the only ones in the village who seriously entertained hopes of ever again seeing him.

One day, when he supposed Katrina had forgotten her lost lover, young Gelder asked her to be his wife.

She looked at him, surprised and pained.

He was honest, true and manly—was Hans, and any young woman would have been proud to have him for her husband.

But not so with Katrina.

"If you love me, Hans," she said, softly, a sympathetic tear glistening on each cheek, "I am sorry for you—I could not help it—I never encouraged you. I cannot be your wife, because I am engaged to the only man I could love."

"You engaged, Katrina!" exclaimed Hans, in surprise.

"Yes—to Rip Van Winkle," was the calm reply.

"Oh, Katrina, do you think you will ever see him again?"

"If I do not I will see him in heaven," she said, her sweet face all aglow with the light of a never-dying love. "For I am his for all eternity!" and as she pointed heavenward, and turned her tearful eyes in the same direction, Hans Gelder thought she was never so beautiful as then, and loved her more than ever. But he thought such a deathless love as hers too pure and holy to be trifled with. He withdrew from her presence with the conviction that his love was hopeless—that Katrina Heinrich would never wed in this life.

CHAPTER VIII.

RIP WAKES UP.

Years sped on and old Fritz Van Winkle, either annoyed by the reproaches of his good dame and his neighbors, or else urged by a foolish, mulish obstinacy, became more bitter in denunciations of his absent son. He was one of a certain class of men who will never acknowledge an error. He would have suffered the loss of his good right arm rather than utter a word of self-reproach, or of penitence to his suffering wife. Had young Rip returned, confessed his sin, and promised hard work for the future, he would have taken him to his heart and corn-field with the greatest alacrity. But Rip came not, and the old man soured. He drank deeper of his beloved schnapps, and cursed his son for "von good-for-nothings poy!"

Then years rolled away, and the story of young Rip Van Winkle was only told to strangers who stopped in the village whenever the family name, or that of Katrina Heinrich, were mentioned.

Katrina, pale, sad-faced, but yet lovely as a woman with a

forlorn hope in her heart could be, lived with her parents, loved only as a daughter could be loved, and never thought of wedding any of the young men who sought her hand. The broad acres of old Peter Heinrich were very attractive when incumbered by pretty Katrina. Many sought the land for the sake of the incumbrance—and many the incumbrance for the sake of the land. But all were treated alike—sent away to seek land with incumbrance elsewhere.

She never for a moment entertained a thought unfaithful to Rip Van Winkle.

But where was young Rip Van Winkle during this time?

The reader will remember how, ten years before, the jolly young fellow was driven out into the storm with his gun and dog, by his enraged father—how he wandered off up the mountain's side, stumbling across an old hunchback, who led him away among the crags where he had never been before, to a lovely little vale in the very heart of the mountain—how he watched and commented on the strange and quaint old Dutch characters he met there—how he drank of the fragrant schnapps with the silent revelers, saw them disperse, heard the shrieks of the old dame, saw her pursued by the men and then dropped off into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

Let us now, after the lapse of ten years, go in search of young Rip. Everybody save a few faithful hearts have forgotten him in Shadyside. We enter the winding pathway that leads along the brink of the mountain chasm, and follow it along its torturous way toward the Vale of Silence, where young Rip traveled ten years before with the keg of schnapps on his shoulder.

We enter the vale and approach the spot where we last saw our young hero, and—good heavens! look there—there lies young Rip! He looks as if he had been lying there these ten years past. Oh, mercy! found at last—he is found, but—dead!

Dead! No, it can't be.

Ah! he moves!

He raises his hand to his head with a slow, painful movement.

He opens his eyes and looks up at the clear, blue sky beyond the top of the crags.

"I must have slept a long time," he said, rising slightly on his elbow, slowly, as if his limbs were benumbed with the dampness of the night-dew, "and I've taken a cold in every joint, too, I believe. Whew! I've got the rheumatiz in every limb. Oh! ah, Karl, good dog! here—come here! Where are you?"

But Karl did not come at his call, and he rose to a sitting posture to look around for his dog.

"Karl—Karl! here Karl, good dog!" he called, and then attempted to whistle. At that moment he discovered that he had a heavy beard and mustache.

He sprang upon his feet, almost crying out with the pain in his joints as he did so, and ran his fingers through his flowing beard, now over a foot long. He attempted to pull it off, but he found it had roots like the hair on his head.

"What in the name of old Kringle does it mean?" he asked, glaring around at the surroundings and then again at his beard.

"I like a joke as well as anybody," he muttered, as he stood pulling at the tangled mass of beard, "but I don't like this kind of a joke very much. Those queer fellows must have stuck this beard on me when I slept last night. I wonder if

it will come off when I wash my face? Oh, why, my hair is hanging all down my back in a tangled mass! The stingy old rascals must have treated me as meanly when I was asleep as they did before. And they've taken my good clothes off and—why, these old rags are all as rotten as dead leaves! What a confounded mean set they must be! Karl—Karl!—here, Karl! Confound it, they've stolen my dog, too, I believe. Well, if there is a meaner set of fellows anywhere than those rascally Dutchmen, I don't want to meet 'em. I must go back home and get some more clothes—these are so rotten they won't stay on me much longer; I am hungry, too. There's my gun as rusty as any piece of iron I ever saw. I didn't think the dew of one night would spoil it so badly."

Stepping forward a few steps to pick up his gun, he was astonished to find his joints so stiff; it almost made him cry out with pain to bend an arm or knee.

"Ugh!" he groaned, "I've got the rheumatiz bad; mountain dew never served me so before; if I had some of those schnapps this morning they would do me good."

Stooping and slowly taking up his gun, he was thunder-struck to see the stock fall to pieces, leaving only the rusty barrel in his hand.

"Donder und blitzen!" he exclaimed, staring wildly at the wreck of his beloved weapon; "this ain't my gun! I'll break some rascally Dutchman's head if they don't bring back my dog and gun! My game bag! I hung it on a bush, and now there it hangs on a tree a mere bunch of strings. They think they've played me a nice trick, but as sure as my name is Rip Van Winkle I'll play 'em another."

Rip was mad. He stared up at the game bag hanging in shreds, then down at the rusty old gun barrel which he held in his hands, and the ragged clothes that so tenaciously clung to him.

"Am I awake?" he muttered to himself, after a pause, during which he glared around at the crags, trees and rocks; everything was as he saw them last with the exception of the trees and bushes. They all seemed to have had a wonderful growth since the night before. But the absence of his dog and the ruin of his gun affected him most. "If I am not awake, then I must be asleep; can't I wake myself up? Ugh! how my joints ache."

He walked up and down among the rocks until his benumbed joints ceased to hurt him, talking and muttering to himself.

At last he managed to reach the game bag by means of the gun-barrel, and examined it. It was his old bag. He recognized it by certain marks on it. This seemed to puzzle him more than anything else. Then again he examined his beard, and found that instead of a false beard it was genuine; the hair on his head was also genuine, though as long as a woman's.

"This ain't me," he uttered, suddenly stopping and sitting down on a small boulder; "I am not Rip Van Winkle, and I'll bet Katrina Heinrich won't know me—my dog Karl won't know me—my good mother won't know me! Who, then, am I?"

A feeling of overwhelming loneliness came over him, and the tears gushed from his eyes in spite of himself. He wept long and silently, until it seemed that his overburdened heart was relieved.

A longing then to see his mother and Katrina took possession of him. Shouldering the rusty old gun-barrel and the dil-

apidated game bag, he slowly wended his way toward the only outlet the little vale seemed to have. He was a long time finding the little narrow path that led along under the frowning crags. But he did so after awhile. Before leaving the vale he turned several times and whistled for his dog. But the faithful animal responded not, so with a heavy heart he proceeded alone.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETURN.

Struggling slowly along up the tortuous path that wound in and out among the beetling crags, Rip finally reached the top of the great chasm that cut so deep into the mountain's side. There he noticed changes in the forest which he had not before seen, but could not understand. The thought that he was bewitched seemed to take possession of him. He had an indistinct recollection of seeing an old woman down in the vale, who said something to him about some papers, and then fled, pursued by some of those silent Dutchmen, who drank such good schnapps, yet were so unsociable withal.

But he trudged on, gaining strength as he went; his limbs lost their numbness, and he felt as strong as a young lion.

Suddenly he heard a fierce growl in the bushes just in front of him, and, halting, waited to see what it was. He did not wait very long, for the bushes parted, and a huge black bear reared on his hind feet and confronted him.

Quick as thought Rip raised his gun to fire; but the rusty weapon was worthless, save as a club. He reversed ends and dealt the pugnacious Bruin a blow that crushed his head as though it had been nothing more than an eggshell.

Bruin rolled over dead, and Rip was quite astonished at the tremendous force of the blow himself. He felt for his knife, but it was not in its usual place. The pocket had no bottom to it, so the knife dropped out somewhere.

"I'll have to leave him here," he said, after a pause, "and come back after him. Old Peter Heinrich would like to have the skin and meat, I guess."

Leaving the dead bear where he fell, Rip proceeded down the mountainside, keeping near the great chasm. He soon saw a pathway that seemed to have been used more than he noticed before. He followed it, and in five minutes' time found himself standing over the very spot where he rescued Katrina Heinrich from a terrible death. But it puzzled him to see how well trodden the place was. Seats were arranged near at the base of the trees, commanding good views of the scenery over and beyond the great chasm. Near the brink of the chasm stood a post bearing a neat board, on which was the following inscription:

"It was on this spot that Katrina Heinrich, daughter of Peter Heinrich, mayor of Shadyside, fell over the brink of the chasm, lodged on a crag many feet below, whence she was rescued by young Rip Van Winkle, on the 5th day of October, 18—. Two days later Van Winkle disappeared and has never since been heard of. Erected by order of his honor, the mayor of Shadyside, this 5th day of October, 18—, in grateful remembrance of the heroic youth."

"Mine goodness gracious!" exclaimed Rip, staggering back in petrified horror as he gazed at the figures of the two dates. They were just ten years apart! "Have I been gone ten years?"

Am I Rip Van Winkle? I know this place. I know Katrina Heinrich, and recollect rescuing her from certain death just over the brink here, but it wasn't ten years ago—no—no—no. I am dreaming, or else this is a cruel joke. Peter Heinrich is not the mayor, for they don't have mayors in Shadyside. But——" and running his fingers slowly through his hair and beard, he seemed exceedingly puzzled, and shaking his head sadly, he muttered: "I don't understand it—I don't understand it. I'll go and see if Katrina knows me. I don't know myself."

But the gentle memory of Katrina held him about the spot nearly an hour longer, and as he was about to leave he heard voices below. Looking down the mountainside, he saw several young men and maidens climbing up the path toward the very spot where he sat. He would have left, but an irresistible desire to hear something about Katrina detained him.

"Oh, how tired I am!" exclaimed a young maiden of sweet sixteen summers, as she rushed forward and threw herself on one of the seats. "I declare it's an awful thing to walk all the way up this mountain, just to sit and look over this awful chasm. If it were not for the romance of Rip and Katrina, I would never think of taking the walk."

"Nor I," said another lively young miss, who was dressed in a fashion entirely unknown to our hero, as in fact all of them were. "But it's such a romantic spot; and just think of the love that would make a man risk his life as Rip did for the girl of his heart. It is not every man that loved as he did—and then there's the mystery that enshrouds his fate. They say his ghost comes here on the night of every 5th of October and weeps for his Katrina."

"Yes, and Katrina, who has never married, comes here every anniversary of that day and weeps for her lost Rip. She will never marry—poor Katrina."

Rip, who was a silent unnoticed listener to this conversation between the young maidens, buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child. The story of his Katrina's devotion touched his heart. His evident distress attracted the attention of one of the young maidens, who went up to where he was sitting, and asked:

"Why you weep, sir? Are you in distress?"

"No; my heart was melted by the story of Rip and his Katrina. I have loved as young Rip did, and have never seen my love since we parted."

"How long since you saw her?" asked another bright-eyed lass, as the entire party crowded around him.

"I don't know—not since the day Rip Van Winkle left Shadyside," was the sad, yet cautious reply.

"Did you know Rip Van Winkle?" several asked, eagerly.

"Alas, yes; I knew him well," sighed he.

"I remember seeing him as he came home with the venison on his shoulder and sweet Katrina walking by his side," said a black-eyed miss of some eighteen summers. "He was a handsome young man and everybody liked him. But his father drove him from home because he wouldn't work all day in the field with the hired men."

"Yes, and everybody hates old Fritz Van Winkle," said another.

"Does old Fritz and his dame live at the old place yet?" Rip asked.

"Oh, yes, and he's very rich now. The town has grown out and spread all over his farm, but he is just as mean and

stingy as ever. Old Peter Heinrich, Katrina's father, has beaten him three times for mayor."

"Oh, pshaw! Old Fritz couldn't be elected pound-master in Shadyside," added a young man. "We haven't forgotten how he treated Rip. He never comes here to see this spot, and doesn't seem to care anything about anybody or anything but his money."

"The town has grown much since Rip went away, then?"

"Oh, yes; it's a city now," said the young man, proudly.

"Why, haven't you been there in ten years?" asked a young girl, her great blue eyes opening wide in wondrous surprise.

"No, miss. I have just come over the mountain, and sat down here to rest. I am going down to the town to see some old friends there. Does old Peter live at the old homestead yet?"

"Ah, no! He lives in a big, fine house upon the hillside. He's our mayor now."

"Yes; and Katrina?"

"She is the sweetest, sad-eyed woman that ever lived, and everybody loves her. She's always doing good for somebody."

Rip hung his head, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. The praises of his loved one caused them to flow in spite of him.

"I killed a bear just now," he said, "near where Rip slew the deer, but had no knife to skin it with. If one of you young men will lend me a knife, I will get its skin, and take it into town, sell it, and get enough to buy some clothes."

Several young men at once tendered pocked knives, and then volunteered to go with him to where lay the carcass of the bear. He showed them the way, and sure enough there lay the dead bear, with its head crushed out of shape by the blow from the old rusty gun-barrel.

"You must have given him a powerful blow," said one of the young men.

"I guess I did," replied Rip, quietly, as he proceeded to divest the dead bear of his shaggy overcoat. It was accomplished in a few moments, the two hams cut off, tied together, and with the heavy bundle hung on his old gun-barrel, he took leave of the party, and wended his way down toward the town.

On reaching town he was puzzled by the number and style of houses. Where old fields once lay were now rows of houses, and the streets were roaring with the noise of vehicles. He was forced to inquire for the residence of the mayor. His queer dress—ragged and torn—the rusty gun-barrel, dilapidated game bag, and the hide and two hams of the bear, all made him an object of interest to the passers-by on the streets. Troops of small boys followed him with open-mouthed wonder as he trudged along through the street toward the mayor's residence.

Arriving at the mayor's mansion, he knocked for admittance. The door was opened by a servant, who stared wildly at the strange appearance he made.

"I want to see Dame Heinrich," he said to the servant.

"I am here, good man," said the dame, coming forward.

"What is it you would have?"

Rip looked her straight in the face, and she returned his gaze.

"You know me not," he said, huskily. "Here is some fresh bear-meat, killed on the mountains this morning. It is sent to you by a friend. I would see Katrina Heinrich, the maiden who loved Rip Van Winkle."

With a slight scream on hearing that beloved name Katrina sprang toward the door and gazed into the bearded face as if her soul were in her eyes.

CHAPTER X.

THE LOVERS FACE TO FACE.

Rip returned the gaze of the fair Katrina with tenfold interest.

His heart bounded up in his throat at the sight of that loved face—the sound of that sweet voice.

As they gazed at each other a look of disappointment came over her fair face.

"Did you know Rip Van Winkle?" she asked, after a long pause.

"Yes, I know him well," said Rip, his voice trembling with emotion.

Instantly Katrina sprang forward, ragged and unkempt as he was, and seized him by the arm, pulling him inside the door.

"You say you know him!" she almost shrieked. "Does he live?"

"Yes, he lives," replied Rip, sinking into a chair that stood just inside the doorway.

"Mother—mother—he lives!" gasped Katrina, clasping both hands over her heart and sinking down at the feet of the ragged old stranger in a death-like swoon.

"Heavens!" screamed the mother, "my child is dead—my child is dead!"

Such an occurrence in the house of the mayor necessarily caused a commotion, not only in the household, but throughout the town. Servants rushed to and from, one going for a physician and another for the nearest neighbor.

She was taken up and carried into a chamber and laid on a bed, where restoratives were given and applied. In the meantime Rip was shown into the kitchen, where his old ragged garments attracted no little attention from the servants.

"I am half famished," he said as the rich food that was being prepared for the mayor's table passed before him.

One of the servants—a pretty young girl—filled a large plate for him, which he ate with the voracity of a half famished wolf.

"Poor man, you must indeed be hungry," said the young girl.

"I have been starved," he said, as he ate.

"Who starved you?"

"I have been lost in the mountains," was the reply.

"Why did you bring this bear meat here?" she asked.

"As a present to the mayor, and because I wanted to see her whom Rip Van Winkle loved."

"Did you really know him?" the young girl asked, her curiosity now aroused to the highest pitch.

"Yes—I know him well. His home has been with me in the mountains these long years."

"And he is yet alive?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my! We have all heard the wonderful story as a romance—a dream of the past, and now he yet lives. Why does

he not return and claim his bride—for Katrina loves him, oh, so much!"

"Alas, he is poor, worn and in rags—who will believe his story? Who would look upon him and say, 'That is Rip Van Winkle?'"

The sadness in his tones impressed the young girl, and she was about to question him further, when she was called by one of the other servants to aid in waiting on the table. She ran away, saying she would see him again.

Very soon after that old Peter Heinrich himself, now grown older and stouter, came into the kitchen to see him.

"My good man," said he, seating himself by our hero's side, "you seem to have seen some hard times."

"Yes—I've been exposed to wind and rain a long time," replied Rip, scrutinizing the old man from head to foot.

"You killed a bear this morning, did you not?"

"I did."

"And brought me the two hams?"

"I did."

"I am glad of it, for I am very fond of bear ham, but you must let me pay you the market price for them."

"I will not."

"Why not? I am rich, and you——"

"I am very poor, but the last time you saw Rip Van Winkle was when he gave you two venison hams. You went to the mountain with him and got the shoulders of the deer. Do you remember that night?"

"Indeed I do—but—but who are you, my man?"

"I am the friend of Rip Van Winkle. He lives and will some day come to claim your daughter."

"He can have her any day he comes, for she is now her own mistress. But where is he now—where has he been all these long years?"

"He will tell his story for himself. I came merely to see if Katrina was still true to him."

"True! She has never ceased to think of and pray for his return since the day he went away."

"He will rejoice to hear that. He loves her still—but he is still as poor as when he went away."

"I expected that, for he would never work. I don't think it would make any difference with Katrina, however, as she has a good sum of money laid away. Rip would never work, you know."

"Yes, but I think he has since learned that work must be done or he would starve."

"I am glad of that. I am afraid I shall have to go back to the plow again in my old age."

Rip looked up in evident surprise, and old Peter proceeded to explain.

"Over a hundred years ago one of my ancestors in Hesse-Cassel, a wonderful old dame named Katrina Von Heinrich——"

"Katrina Von Heinrich!" exclaimed Rip, springing out of the chair. "Hesse-Cassel!"

"Yes," said old Peter, amazed at the effect of his communication on the stranger. "What know you of her?"

"Nothing—nothing," replied Rip; "go on—what about Katrina Von Heinrich, of Hesse-Cassel?"

"She once owned all this land around Shadyside for miles and miles. But when she died the grant by right of which she held the title to the land could not be found among her effects. She was found murdered one night. Since then the

papers have never been seen or heard of, and the lands went to other parties by right of purchase or settlement. But now a man who claims to have papers that gives him all the lands on the side of the mountains has commenced a suit to dispossess all of us. I know not how it will end."

"Are you the direct heir of Katrina Von Heinrich?"

"I am the only living heir."

"Then you will not be dispossessed," said Rip, with an emphasis that startled old Peter.

"Do you know anything about the case?" the mayor asked, in no little surprise.

"I think I do," was the reply.

"Who are you—what is your name?"

"That I don't hardly know myself, but it will not matter much. I will go now, to return again."

"But you must tell me your name before——"

"I cannot—I am not what I seem—may not be what I claim," replied Rip, pushing the old man aside and passing from the kitchen to the front steps of the house, where he had left the bear-skin. Old Peter Heinrich pursued him, saying:

"Here, my good man, you must let me pay you for those bear hams—I cannot take——"

"No!" said the dilapidated stranger, waving him off with a determined gesture of the hand. "I want no pay," and taking up the bear-skin, he strode away without uttering another word.

Down in the business part of the town Rip succeeded in getting a good price for his bear-skin. Securing the money in a pocket which he found still intact in his pants, he wandered about the streets, along which he had played in boyhood and youth. Hundreds of boys and girls followed him about, wondering why he wore his hair so long, his clothes so ragged, and carried the old rusty gun-barrel in his hand. They had all heard the pathetic story of Rip Van Winkle and Katrina Heinrich, but they little dreamed that they were now following the veritable Rip about the streets of his native place.

Night came on, and the children retired to their homes, leaving the dilapidated stranger to wander alone about the streets. As on the night when he was ruthlessly driven from home, dark storm clouds swept over the town. The wind mournfully sighed through the tall trees and shrieked around chimney corners. Now, as then, he had nowhere to lay his head. He sat down on the curbstone and rested his chin on his hands.

"Am I Rip Van Winkle?" he muttered, "or am I not? Am I awake, or do I still slumber up in the mountains among those silent Dutchmen? If I am awake I ought to know myself, and have my dog with me. If asleep, it is merely a dream from which I will wake up soon, and——"

A woman with a shawl thrown over her head rushed past him, hurrying as if to reach home before the storm cloud should burst. She stepped so close to him that her dress touched him and caused him to look around with a start.

CHAPTER XI.

RIP MEETS HIS FATHER.

That woman was his mother—Dame Van Winkle.

Katrina Heinrich, on recovering from her swoon, found that the dilapidated stranger had left her father's house and

was wandering about the town. She could not rest easy in her bed under such circumstances.

The news that Rip still lived gave new life to her hopes.

She trembled with joy unspeakable, and she resolved to see and talk with the stranger again.

Summoning two of the household servants to her side, she sent one of them in search of the stranger, and the other waited till she could write a note to Dame Van Winkle.

Though she hated old Fritz Van Winkle with an undying hate, Katrina loved Dame Van Winkle as though she were her own mother. Her first thought on recovering consciousness after her swoon was of Rip's mother, hence she wrote:

"My Dear Friend: I have just seen an old man who says that our Rip still lives—that he knows him, and that he will come back to us. He is gone now, but I have sent for him.

Yours ever,

KATRINA."

Good Dame Van Winkle was not at home when the servant arrived with the note—nor did she get the note until some time after dark. Its contents startled her. Her heart swelled up with all a mother's love for her boy and she hastened to see Katrina and ask her more about the stranger, notwithstanding the threatening storm-cloud. Wrapping a shawl about her head and shoulders, she set out for the mayor's residence. On the way she passed Rip sitting on the curbstone with his chin resting on his hands.

Rip looked after the retreating form of the woman until she was lost to sight in the gathering gloom.

"If I am really awake," he muttered to himself, "then I have been sleeping ten years. If I have slept ten years, it must have been caused by the schnapps those strange fellows gave me that night.

"They were the strangest set of fellows I ever met with in my life—particularly that old hunchback. But if I have been sleeping ten years, how have I lived during all that time? Can a man live ten years without food, even though he is sleeping all that time? It can't be so; yet everything looks that way to me. My dog was gone when I woke up; my clothes nearly rotted off me; my gun rusted and ruined; my game-bag in shreds, and hanging up out of my reach, as the tree had grown higher since I hung it there. When I laid down I was a beardless boy. When I wake up I have a beard a foot long, and a voice like a man, which sounds strange to my ears. If I am not Rip, then who am I? But I am Rip Van Winkle, for I recognized my Katrina; my heart bounded up in my throat at sight of her sweet face. But I cannot go to her in this garb. I am too poor—who would believe me when I would say I had gone away and slept for ten years? The whole world would laugh at me—and even Katrina, with all her love for me, would think me crazy. No—no, I will go away again—work, make money, and then come back and claim my Katrina. She will wait and be true to the last. She will never forget her Rip—my Katrina—you—have never forgotten me?" and as he spoke a sob escaped him; his heart was touched by the deathless devotion of the faithful Katrina. Tears trickled down his bronzed cheeks, and he sat there unmoved for several minutes till the storm-cloud burst, and the rain came down in torrents.

"I will go by the old home," he said, rising to his feet, "and see my mother's face once more. I cannot go away without seeing her."

He wended his way in the drenching rain toward the old homestead of the Van Winkles.

Old Fritz had grown very rich by selling off portions of his farm for town lots as the city built up in that direction.

Like many others of a similar temperament, the old man had grown selfish and miserly the richer he became, until he cared for nothing but his money.

He was just thinking of his good fortune in having so few mouths to feed, and several times congratulated himself that Rip was no longer a burden on him, when a loud knocking on the door startled him.

"Somebody ish out in dot shtorm," said the old man, arising, and with pipe in his hand, opening the door.

Rip entered, dripping with water, and father and son stood face to face.

The long beard, ragged clothes and old rusty gun-barrel alarmed the old Dutchman, who stared as though the ghost of one of his ancestors stood before him.

"Vat you vants mit this house, eh?" he asked as soon as he recovered his speech.

"I want nothing of this house," said Rip, with great dignity. "I simply want to see my mother."

"Your mudder!" gasped old Fritz; "mine heavens, dot ish Rip!"

"Yes, I am your son Rip," said the stranger, calmly.

"Heavens!" and the avaricious old Dutchman gazed at him from head to foot. "Vere you been all dis time, eh?"

"I've been asleep."

"Yaas—dat's so, you go ashleep mit der dogs—you shleep mitout vork all der times. Git oud mit mine house, you goot for nodings! Go shleep it oud mid you lazy bones—or mit Katrina—get oud, I say!"

"Look here, old man," said Rip, coolly looking the old man in the face, "you struck me and drove me from your house when I was a lad. Since that time I have never called you 'father,' and never will again. But if you strike me now I will choke half your meanness out of you. I have come back to see my mother, and see her I will."

"Git oud of mine house!" roared the old man, seizing him by the arm and attempting to push him toward the door.

Rip very quietly took hold of his shoulders and crushed him down into a chair as though he were only a ten-year-old boy, so great was his physical strength.

"Now, you keep quiet, or I'll wring your neck for you!" said Rip, leaving him trembling with terror in the chair, and proceeding to go through the house in search of his mother. As is known to the reader, Dam Van Winkle was at that moment with Katrina Heinrich.

Failing to find his mother, Rip came back to where his father was sitting, and asked:

"Where is my mother?"

"She went oud mit der neighbors, und can't come home mit der shtorm."

"Well, I shall not wait to see her. Only tell me—is she well?"

"Yes."

"That's enough. I will not come to you again, old man. You will come to me when we meet again."

And with that he passed out into the storm as he had done ten years before.

"Heavens!" gasped the old Dutchman, springing up and

fastening the door. "Dot Rip ish von highvay robber, und ish so shtrong ash a bull. He comes not here any more."

Fritz bolted the door, and nailed down the windows, so great was his fear of the son whom he had so badly treated.

Rip wended his way through the town toward the mountain, resolving to spend the night among the crags rather than remain in the town where his presence created so much excitement. His mind was a whirlwind of uncertainty as to what he should do.

"Katrina is true—that I know," he murmured, "and my mother will never forget her only boy. I will go back only when I have found the package of papers which were hidden in the old tree near where I met those fellows up there among the crags. I've an idea that those papers have something to do with old Peter Heinrich—that it will make Katrina the richest woman in the State. I can then hold up my head and look the old man in the face. I'll go right back there and hunt for those papers."

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIGHT WITH THE HUNCHBACK.

As on that eventful night ten years before, Rip wended his way up the mountain side, the rain ceasing as he climbed higher, and the rays of a full moon breaking through the drifting clouds. Higher and higher he climbed until he reached the spot where he rescued Katrina ten years before. He sat down there and rested—not that he was tired, but because the spot was dear to memory. The moonbeams gleamed on the tablet which Katrina had caused to be erected there to his memory, and he again read the inscription which her love had dictated.

But he did not remain there long. He thought of an overhanging shelf of rock under which he could find shelter. It was there he would sleep for the night.

He arose, took up the old rusty gun-barrel, which he still carried in his right hand, and trudged along further up the mountain.

Ere long he came to the very spot where his faithful Karl made such strenuous efforts to turn him back, but without avail.

"Poor Karl," murmured Rip, as the memory of the faithful dog came back to him. "Where is he now? Is he dead or only sleeping somewhere? I wish I knew, for I miss him very much. He was the best friend I ever had. He never found any fault with me; he never drove me from him, but went with me everywhere. Poor Karl."

Rip looked around and found the overhanging shelf under which he proposed to sleep during the night, and was about to go under it when his attention was attracted by approaching footsteps. He stopped and listened.

Tramp—tramp—tramp!

"Ha!" ejaculated Rip, as the same old hunchback who approached him ten years before came in sight with two kegs hung on either side of the curious hump on his back. "I know that chap. Halloo, old Humpy, how goes it?"

At the sound of his voice the old hunchback stopped, but one of the kegs rolled away from him. He made a grab at it, but it rolled right up to Rip's foot. Rip raised his foot and

gave it a kick that sent it rolling back with considerable force against the old hunchback's shins. He dropped the other keg, and stooped to rub his leg, as though it had been badly bruised by the keg.

"Oh, that won't do, Humpy," said Rip, laughing heartily; "that didn't hurt you for a cent. If it did I am very sorry, for I have no desire to hurt any one."

The old hunchback uttered a groan, bared his leg and showed Rip a severe bruise on his shin, just where the keg had struck.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Rip, "I am sorry for that, old man. I really didn't mean it."

The old hunchback said not a word, but tried to take up one of the kegs and put it on his shoulder. He tried several times, groaning and limping all the time, as though his leg pained him very much.

"I'll help you with it," said Rip, taking up the keg and placing it on the old hunchback's shoulder.

But no sooner did he stoop to pick up the second one than the old man let the first one fall to the ground. Rip good-naturedly picked it up again; but the other one dropped the minute the old man tried to take it from him.

"I guess you had better leave one here, old Humpy," suggested Rip, "and come back after it. You can't carry but one, that's plain."

The old man shook his head, and made signs to Rip to take it up and bring it along with him.

"Excuse me, Humpy," said Rip, with a smile, "but you haven't got a green boy in town this time."

The old man motioned him to take up the keg and follow him, this time in a very positive manner.

Rip placed his thumb to his nose and gave a significant vibratory motion to the hand that was even more expressive than language. The old man let his keg drop, which rolled against Rip's feet, mashing them rather unpleasantly.

"I'll take care of that keg, old man," said Rip, seizing and raising it above his head. "You needn't be troubled about this any more," and then he dashed it against the rocks with terrific force.

It did not break, but bounded like a ball and rolled over the edge of the precipice down into the great chasm, bounding from crag to crag, resounding louder and louder as it descended till it struck the bottom, where it made a report like a cannon, echoing and re-echoing from crag to crag, rolling over the mountain like a long peal of thunder.

"What was in it, anyhow?" Rip asked, turning to the old hunchback.

But the old man glared at him like an enraged tiger about to spring upon him.

"Ah, it's no use, Humpy," he said, laughing. "I ain't afraid of you nor your whole crowd of stingy Dutchmen!"

With an angry growl the old hunchback sprang upon him, clutching at his throat with his long, claw-like fingers. Rip dropped his gun-barrel and caught him on the eye with a blow straight from the shoulder. The hunchback staggered under the blow, seeming half dazed by the effect of it.

"Ha, ha, ha, Humpy!" chuckled Rip, "you can't play any more of your Dutch games on me. You did it once—oh, ho—that's the game, eh?"

The hunchback had seized a huge rock and hurled it at him. Rip caught it in both hands and hurled it back at him. Humpy dodged it and sprang upon him again, his eyes flashing that

greenish light that is seen in an enraged tiger's eyes. Rip caught him, and then commenced a terrific struggle. The strength of the old hunchback was something wonderful. But Rip had not slept ten years for nothing. It seemed that while he slept nature gave him muscles of iron, for he grappled with his assailant like a giant, and hurled him from him as though he had been but a mere child.

"Get out, you and your infernal schnapps!" yelled Rip, now thoroughly aroused, seizing the keg and hurling it at the old man. He dodged it, and the keg went over the brink of the chasm, bounding from crag to crag with increasing echoes that reverberated like thunder through the mountain.

With a demon-like screech the hunchback sprang at him again. Rip closed with him, and the struggle went on, the two moving gradually toward the brink of the chasm. The old man made a frantic effort to leap over the brink with Rip.

"Over you go, then!" hissed Rip, hurling him over the awful abyss. The hunchback carried a portion of Rip's coat, the rottenness of the garment saving his life.

With a demoniacal howl that awoke up all the echoes of the mountain the old man disappeared down the abyss, and Rip turned away with a shudder.

"He would have it so," he said. "I didn't want to hurt him, but he wouldn't let me alone. I wouldn't let him play me any more tricks. He was a strong man, but I was stronger, or it would have been up with me."

Rip retired to the overhanging rock, picked up his gun-barrel, and then laid himself down to sleep. The excitement of his fight with the hunchback kept him awake for some time; but he slept at last.

When he woke up the sun was shining brightly in his face, but the whole mountain was covered a foot deep in snow!

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, glaring around in undisguised amazement. "It was just the turn of summer into autumn when I laid down, and now here it is mid-winter, and the ground covered with snow! Can it be that I have slept another ten years, or only a few months? My beard is still black—not a gray hair in it. I can't have slept very long, judging from that, yet it's winter, that's certain. I am as hungry as a wolf, though, and—— Halloo! that's a rabbit! Whack! Mine, by jingo!"

Suddenly striking out with his old gun-barrel, he struck a rabbit that tried to run by him, and killed it, built a fire, cooked and ate it for a breakfast.

This done, he laid the gun-barrel over his shoulder and boldly started out in search of the path that led down into the valley of silence. In an hour's time he found it, and, carefully feeling his way, he passed down along the face of the precipice toward the little dale where he had met the silent revelers ten years previous. Patiently he struggled along, till at last he reached the bottom. To his astonishment, he found the hunchbacks there drinking schnapps, the same as when he first saw them. As he approached them they all turned and glared angrily at him, black scowls greeting him on all sides.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FATE OF THE HUNCHBACK.

Rip suddenly stopped and returned the gaze of the scowling, silent Dutchmen.

He had reason to fear them, for the hunchback whom he had hurled over the precipice stood there in their midst, looking as angry as the maddest of them.

Clutching his gun-barrel tightly in his left hand, he stood silent and determined before them, as though defying the whole crowd.

They stood thus facing each other fully ten minutes, until Rip, at last, thinking the gazing was becoming monotonous, said:

"How are you, Humpy? Glad to see you alive, though I didn't expect ever to see you again. How the deuce did you escape, anyhow?"

Of course, no reply was made to him, and he added:

"Oh, well, I ain't anxious to associate with you fellows, no-how. You're all too darned sleepy-headed here to suit me," and with that he turned away to search for the tree in the hollow of which he saw the mysterious old woman conceal the package of papers. He examined several trees, and failing to find a cavity in any of them, he turned again to gaze at his surroundings.

One of the Dutchmen rose up, and deliberately walking up to him, offered him a mug of fragrant schnapps.

Rip looked at the mug, and then at the old bronzed, weather-beaten Dutchman.

"Thank you, old man," he said, shaking his head, "but I've sworn off since the last time we drank together. Your schnapps is very fine, but life is too short for me to drink it."

The Dutchman made a sign of impatience, and thrust the mug close under Rip's nose.

"Yes, it smells good," said Rip, with a good-natured smile, "but I ain't drinking any more—I've sworn off."

The Dutchman pushed the mug against his lips, as though he intended either to force the contents down his throat or else subject him to a temptation he could no resist. He took the mug out of the silent Dutchman's hand and deliberately poured its contents out on the ground.

A groan escaped the entire party, and each man of them sprang forward, as if they would attack him.

"Back, you sleepy-headed drones," cried Rip, clubbing his gun-barrel, and swinging it defiantly above his head.

"The man who touches me will never drink any more schnapps."

But they heeded not his threat. They leaned over the little spot of moist earth and gazed at it as though each particle were more precious than diamonds. Some touched it with their fingers and quickly placed them between their lips.

"Eat the dirt," said Rip, sarcastically, "and then you'll get it all. Men as stingy as you are ought to live on dirt, because it's cheap."

Angry glances were cast at him, and excited gestures, flashing eyes and moving lips told him that they were discussing the situation. But never a word could Rip hear. The silence of death seemed to settle over the little valley.

Suddenly one of the Dutchmen, a course-visaged old fellow, advanced and made an insulting gesture almost under Rip's nose.

Quick as the lightning flash Rip gave him a blow on the side of the head that sent him spinning away like a top.

"Try that again if you like the fun," said Rip, in a very quiet tone of voice.

But ere he finished speaking the old Dutchman kept spin-

ning around and around until he disappeared out of sight, to Rip's utter astonishment.

"Donder und blitzen!" he muttered, "I must have hit him hard. But you can't kill one of those fellows, or that hunchback would not be over there by that keg of schnapps."

One of the others threw his mug at him, but he caught it and tossed it back at him—tossed it hard—and hit him in the stomach, doubling him up like a jack-knife. He too went spinning around and around till he disappeared as the first one did.

"Well, there goes another one," said Rip, laughing. "They can't stand much of a blow. I wonder if they will all go spinning away like that? I've a mind to try it."

Taking up a small stone, he cast it at one of the silent figures, striking him on the breast.

Instantly he began to spin around and around, going further and further away until he, too, was lost to sight.

"What the mischief does it mean?" exclaimed Rip, in dumfounded amazement. "Such a queer lot I never did see. They are all scared half to death, and—halloo, here comes another!"

A stalwart Dutchman darted toward him with his heavy drinking cup raised above his head, as though he would brain Rip on the spot. But Rip caught his arm, and with his other hand dealt him a tremendous slap on the left cheek. Away went he, spinning around and around on his heels at a terrific rate.

Rip looked on in amused satisfaction.

"Well, old fellow, if that whirling around don't make you dizzy, then you have no brains in your head. Spin away, as that is all you seem good for—eh! you want to spin, too—take that!" and giving another one a slap on the head as he tried to strike him with his mug, he sent him spinning away with the others.

Then, as if driven to desperation, the others, some half a score in number, made a combined attack on him.

He sprang aside and gave two or three a blow each in quick succession, sending them whirling and dancing away in comical procession, all going in the same direction.

By a wonderful presence of mind he kept clear of their clutches, and gave each a blow that sent them spinning away the moment they came within reach of him.

In a few minutes he was alone with only one—the old hunchback whom he had once thrown over the precipice of the great chasm.

"Ha-ha-ha, Humpy, old boy!" laughed Rip, as he stood facing the deformed old Dutchman. "Here we are again, the mischief to pay and no pitch hot! Tell me how you escaped being killed on the rocks out there, and we'll shake hands and be friends, eh?"

The old hunchback looked at the proffered hand, but did not take it.

He backed off toward his kegs of schnapps, which lay on a ledge of rock a few paces behind him.

"Hanged if you fellows ain't the queerest, most stingy and unsociable set I ever met with," muttered Rip, gazing at the old hunchback in a puzzled sort of way. "You played a scurvy sort of trick with your sleepy-headed schnapps, but I don't bear you any ill will. But see here, I want you to answer me one or two questions and then you may go where you please. Do you know anything about old Dame Von Heinrich—Katrina Von Heinrich—why, what in donder and blitzen is the matter with you, eh? Hanged if you don't look as though you are

drying up to a bunch of old sole leather! I say, how about the old woman and her papers? She hid them in a tree somewhere hereabouts, and now I can't find the tree. If you know anything about her, say so like a man, and Rip Van Winkle is your friend ever after."

But the old hunchback made no reply.

He seated himself astride of his keg, and suddenly began to grow old with a rapidity that startled Rip.

His hair dropped off his head in bunches of a dozen silver-gray hairs at a time, and his teeth dropped from his mouth and rolled on the ground at his feet. His skin changed to a tan color, and his face to a mass of wrinkles.

"If you can talk any, old man," continued Rip, watching the unaccountable changes going on in the old hunchback, "you had better tell me all you know about the old woman before you get too old, for I'll be hanged if you don't grow old faster than anybody I ever saw."

But the old man grew old and weaker until he was all bent over so that he was utterly unable to raise his head. Still Rip continued to talk with him for nearly an hour. At last the form of the old man suddenly crumbled to a pile of dust and ashes at Rip's feet.

"Ten thousand furies!" exclaimed Rip, starting back. "He's dead as a rusty nail, and nothing is left but a pile of dust and ashes! What strange fatality must hang over this place. I wish I was safely out of it. Everything is so like a horrible dream that I hardly know whether to stay or leave at once. I must get that package of papers, though, before I go, and it must be somewhere about here. I remember the very spot where I slept so long, and that ought to be the tree over there where the old woman concealed it, though it seems to have been twisted considerably by the storms of a hundred years. Ha! that is the very tree. There is the knot-hole, higher up, but the one, nevertheless."

Rip hurried away from the spot where the old hunchback had crumbled to dust and hastened toward a large, gnarled, twisted old tree which stood a little way off to the left. Under it he stopped and glanced around as if measuring the surroundings.

"Yes," he muttered, "this must be the tree, and there is the hollow where she thrust the package. I'll climb this and see, anyhow," and dropping the rusty old gun-barrel to the ground, he commenced to climb the tree. He soon reached the lower limbs, upon which he stood erect and peeped into the knot-hole in the main trunk. He could see nothing.

He thrust his hand in it up to his elbow.

With a cry of joy he drew forth a package of something inclosed in a dingy sheet of waxed paper.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OLD HOME AGAIN.

"Heavens!" gasped Rip, as he held up the time-eaten package and gazed at it. "If this is the package, Katrina will be relieved. I'll get down and look at it."

Holding the package between his teeth, he descended to the ground as quickly as possible. He did not stop to inspect the package, for to him it seemed the very package the mysterious dame displayed to him ten years before.

"This is the package," he said to himself a dozen times, as he tried to conceal it among his clothing. "If I get out of this place I'll soon find out, anyhow. If those silent schnapps drinkers should come back and find out I had the package they'd give me some trouble, though they may all have gone off for good or crumbled to dust and ashes as old Humpy did, for aught I know."

Taking up his faithful old gun-barrel, he proceeded to leave the silent valley, making for the entrance at the foot of the crags at a brisk pace. To find the path by which he came required a little time, as footprints in the snow led in every direction. Some evidently led to certain destruction, for more dangerous places could not be found in the mountains than some of those to which the footprints led.

"Oh, no," muttered Rip, as he stopped and scanned the face of the craggy heights, "this is the way I came. They've tried to mislead me by those tracks, but I will fool 'em this time," and boldly striking out through the snow, he succeeded in finding the true path, where he recognized his own tracks. Pushing on, he soon reached the top of the chasm.

"Safe at last!" he exclaimed, as he stepped away from the brow of the precipice. "I would not go back down there for half the world if Katrina was not in it. Those Dutchmen are the strangest set of fellows I ever heard of. Some of 'em must be at least two hundred years old, judging from their looks. Old Humpy just dried up to dust and ashes right before my face, and the others went dancing away on the slightest blow.

Rip now hastened down the mountain-side in the direction of the spot where he had made himself famous by the daring rescue of Katrina Heinrich. Notwithstanding the fact that the snow lay nearly a foot deep on the ground, and a cold wind swept across the mountain, he felt not the least discomfort from the cold. Much of his person was exposed through his ragged garments, yet it seemed that the snows of ten winters had hardened him so thoroughly that heat and cold were alike indifferent to him.

Reaching the place of the rescue, he seated himself on one of the many seats arranged there, and pulled out the object to examine it.

It was wrapped in oiled or waxed paper, so as to keep out the dampness.

Inside the package were quite a number of papers in both the German and English languages, yellow from age—all bearing official seals.

On the back of each was the name of "Katrina von Heinrich, of Hesse-Cassel."

"Good gracious!" cried Rip, springing up and dancing about in the snow like a half-crazed schoolboy; "that's her name—she told me it herself! I'll go and make myself known to Katrina, and give her the papers."

For the first time since waking out of his long sleep of ten years Rip showed some degree of excitement.

He strode down the mountain's side as though in pursuit of something. In two hours more he reached the town, or rather city, of Shadyside, the place of his birth, and wended his way along the main street toward the mayor's residence.

A ragged old man in the dead of winter, carrying an old gun-barrel in one hand, and a yellowish-looking package in the other, could not fail to attract attention.

Hundreds of boys, men and women recognized him as the stranger whom they saw there three months before.

"Oh, I know you!" cried a small boy, running alongside of him.

"You do?" asked Rip, suddenly stopping and gazing down at the boy; "who, then, am I?"

"You are the man who brought the mayor two bear hams three months ago, and said you knew Rip Van Winkle. Everybody has been looking for you since then."

"Three months ago!" exclaimed Rip, his face, voice and manner betraying excitement. "Then I must have slept three whole months on the mountain before going down into the silent valley."

"They've been looking for me, you say?" he asked of the boy.

"Oh, yes, sir, everybody has been looking out for you. Miss Katrina Heinrich says she'll give any one a thousand dollars to find you."

"Heavens!" muttered Rip.

"Yes, sir, and the mayor says he'll give another thousand." This was a fact, too.

"Ugh! I'm in luck!" and Rip chuckled in delight at the information given by the small boy. "What did Rip's father say about it, eh?"

"Oh, he says Rip's no good, and he doesn't believe what you said was true."

"He don't, eh?" and Rip's face clouded. "Well, we'll see if I am not right," and again he proceeded toward the residence of the mayor. The boys accompanied him all the way.

At the house his presence created quite a flutter among the domestics. They all recognized him, but only one had the courage and kindness of heart to take him by the hand and lead him to a seat by the fire. It was the pretty maid-servant with whom he conversed so freely on the occasion of his first visit there.

"They are all at the court-house, sir," said the girl, as she showed him to a seat, "to hear the trial of the great lawsuit."

"Indeed! and how goes the trial?" he asked.

"It seems as if it will go hard against master and all the neighbors," said the girl. "But are you not cold and hungry, sir?"

"Quite hungry, but not in the least cold, my dear," said he, cheerfully, at which the maid flushed and proceeded to give him a hearty meal of cold victuals from the cupboard.

She told him make himself at home.

He ate heartily, and then turned to the maid:

"I'll go down to the court-house and see the master. I won't forget you, lass," and taking the gun-barrel, which answered for a staff, he left the house and made his way toward the court-house where the great suit was pending. Nearly every land owner in Shadyside and the country for miles around were in danger of losing their entire property.

Rip's presence at the court created considerable surprise. The crowd gave way for him to pass into the court-room. The room was crowded with the best people of the town, among whom were mothers and daughters who had come to learn whether they were to continue to live in plenty or lose all. His entrance caused many to look around.

"There he is—there he is!" cried Katrina Heinrich, springing to her feet and pointing toward our hero, interrupting the court by her sudden exclamations.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

The judge, jury and lawyers stared first at Katrina Heinrich, the mayor's daughter, and then at the strange looking object at which she was pointing. Rip stood still and gazed at Katrina and then at the throng around him. Every eye was upon him.

"What means this interruption of the court?" demanded the judge, severely.

"My son—my son!" cried Dame Van Winkle, springing up from her seat by Katrina's side, and darting over to where Rip was standing. "Do you know where my son, Rip Van Winkle, is? Speak, for the love of heaven."

"Yes, I know where he is," slowly replied Rip, "and you shall see him before yonder sun shall set behind the mountains."

Dame Van Winkle clasped her hands over her heart, and burst into tears of joy.

Everybody present was familiar with the story of Rip Van Winkle and Katrina Heinrich, and for a time the proceedings of the court were interrupted entirely.

The people who had crowded around Rip resumed their seats, leaving the tall stranger standing alone in the center of the room.

Old Fritz Van Winkle sat near by, scowling upon him as though he would like to crush him under his feet. Rip returned his gaze and smiled contemptuously at him.

Suddenly the mayor, the father of Katrina, advanced to his side, took his hand, and whispered in his ear:

"You said I need have no fears about this suit. You see it is going against me. What shall I do? Do you know anything about it?"

"I do. Have your lawyer call me to the witness stand."

Old Peter Heinrich beckoned to his lawyer and told him what the stranger had said.

"Who is he and what does he know?" the lawyer asked.

"That I don't know; he will tell all on the stand, I guess."

The lawyer called him to the stand, and Rip walked forward amid a death-like silence and took the stand.

"What is your name, sir?" was the first question asked.

"My name is Rip Van Winkle," was the reply, which fell upon the court and spectators like a clap of thunder.

With wild screams Dame Van Winkle and Katrina Heinrich sprang forward, passed the lawyers and the jury, and seizing him by the hands, looked him full in the face.

"You my son!" gasped the mother.

"You my Rip!" cried Katrina.

"I am," calmly replied Rip. "You both know the marks on my arm—name them."

"My son had a long scar on his left arm," said the eager mother.

"And the letter 'K' just below that, pricked in India ink by myself," said Katrina.

"There they are—behold them!" and Rip bared his arm to the gaze of the whole court, showing the marks with clear distinctness.

"My son—my own boy!" cried the mother, clasping him to her heart, and covering his bearded face with kisses.

Katrina nearly fainted; she leaned against the railing for support.

Dame Van Winkle released him, and dropped into a seat near by. Rip turned his eyes full upon Katrina. She looked up a moment in silence, and then, with a glad cry, sprang into his outstretched arms.

"My poor Rip!" she cried, loud enough for all to hear, "you have suffered as well as I; but I love you—I love you still with all my——"

"Well!" exclaimed old Fritz Van Winkle, who was a quiet spectator of the scene, "you takes him mit you; he comes not mit mine house no more all de times, de good for noddings!"

"Old man," said Rip, coolly, "I shall never again enter the door from whence I was driven like a dog. Forget that you ever had a son, as I have long ago ceased to have a father."

"Rip—Rip, my boy!" cried Dame Van Winkle, again springing up and catching hold of his arm; "don't quarrel with your father."

"I have no father, mother."

"Am I a widow, then?" she asked.

"It were better that you were than to be tied to——"

"Hey!" roared the irascible old Fritz, "I preak your good for noddings head!"

"Silence in court!" yelled the sheriff.

"What has all this to do with the case?" the judge asked.

"I see that the long lost Rip Van Winkle has turned up at last, and I am glad of it for his Honor, the mayor's daughter's sake. But what connection has he with this case?"

"He will explain that in his evidence," said the lawyer.

"Let him do so, then."

Rip then proceeded, under oath, to tell his wonderful story of the finding of the papers establishing the right of Peter Heinrich to all the land the other party was suing for. That seemed to stagger the court. The papers were produced.

Their authenticity could not be doubted.

The great seals were all there, together with all the other papers necessary to establish a complete title.

Instead of merely having what he already had, old Peter Heinrich found himself the undisputed owner of all the land in the city, and for miles around it, valued at several millions of dollars.

"The Court will take the papers and investigate them before rendering a decision," said the judge, and Rip forthwith turned them over to the judge.

When Rip left the stand hundreds crowded around him, congratulating him on his safe return. Katrina leaned proudly on his arm and said that his ragged garments were prettier in her eyes than the robes of a king.

He told his story of the ten years' nap, to which the judge, who had dismissed the court, lawyers and jury, listened with the most intense interest. Everybody was amazed.

They took his gun and examined it.

Its rust-eaten condition seemed to corroborate the wonderful story, and the women who examined his clothing said it had been exposed to wind and rain for several years. His hair and beard attested the same thing, and they all regarded him with awe.

Old Fritz Van Winkle remained near enough in the crowd to hear the story, and swore it was a lie.

He hated Rip, because the papers he had brought into court stripped him of all his real estate, and enriched the man he envied and secretly hated.

"Judge," said Katrina, "come to our house at once and marry us. Our engagement has lasted long enough, eh, dear Rip?" and she put her arms around his neck.

"Yes, darling, but will you take me in such poverty as this?"

"Have you not just brought me millions, Rip? You have just made papa the wealthiest man in the State. I am his oldest, youngest, and only child, and heir to all he possesses. As my husband, you shall be the owner of all. I only ask your love."

"That you have had during all these long years, darling," said Rip, stooping and kissing her and his mother.

The judge led the procession to the mayor's residence, where he married Rip to Katrina, in the presence of a gaping multitude. Rip was still dressed in his tatters, yet his eyes evinced the happiness he felt.

His mother embraced the happy bride and said she had always loved her as a daughter, but now she was doubly dear to her.

In two hours from then he was married, a new suit of fine clothes were given him, and the skilful manipulations of a barber so wrought a change in his appearance that those who saw him married could scarcely believe that he was the same man.

"Now you are my own handsome Rip of ten years ago!" cried Katrina, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him with passionate tenderness. His mother hugged and kissed him a dozen times, and then returned to her home.

The maddest man in Shadyside was old Fritz Van Winkle. He sat and cursed himself by the hour, for he had rejected Rip in open court, and still again three months before that, and now he was son-in-law to the mayor and the richest man in the State, whilst he, the unforgiving father, was stripped of almost everything in his old age.

One day he met young Rip on the street. He would not have known him but for a friend who pointed him out. The new clothes and the barber had made another man of him.

"Rip—my son," he said, offering his hand, "let us be friends some more as never vas, eh?"

Rip looked the hard-hearted old man full in the face and said:

"No. Had good fortune not come to me you would not have given me either shelter or a crust of bread. If you come to poverty I will aid you, but will never recognize you as my father."

The old man swore a huge Dutch oath and passed on, leaving his son Rip with his bride, who had loved him through good and evil report.

Years have flown by since then, and Katrina has several little Rips growing up around her, to whom she relates the wonderful story of their father's ten years' nap in the mysterious vale of silence in the Alleghanies; and to this day other people in other lands listen to the wonderful story of Young Rip Van Winkle.

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG MONTE CRISTO; OR, THE MILLIONS OF THE SUNKEN ISLAND." By Howard Austin.

CURRENT NEWS

When Léon Jean, a ropemaker, woke up at Cherbourg, France, on April 24, he was amazed to find himself in a hospital instead of at home. He had been asleep seventy-seven days, although he thought he had been in bed only a few hours. His present health seems good.

Two hundred fancy pullets belonging to W. F. Weems, a poultry raiser in the Piano district, were stung to death when a swarm of bees attacked them. The bees, which belong to a land company, are brought to this district every year during the orange season. Several score other hens were so badly stung that they will die. After the bees attacked the chickens they continued down the road and attacked an automobile party. The bees were so thick that after the car had emerged from the swarm the tonneau was literally covered with them.

Lightning hunted twelve miles to find a victim, after striking a telephone wire at Gettysburg, Pa., during a brief electrical storm. At Hanover G. A. Leach, a lineman for the Bell Company, was strapped by his safety belt to the top of a pole. He was holding one wire and another was pressed against his body, forming a circuit. The lightning came along and knocked him into a state of unconsciousness, and he would have fallen to his death had not the belt held him until he recovered and was able to descend. It was not until some hours later that the cause of his unpleasant experience was learned.

Two Englishmen who arrived in this country recently from Liverpool went into a barber shop on Juniper Street, Philadelphia, where they were charged \$1.50 each for a haircut, massage and shampoo. Peter Kearney, one of the men, had intended to live here, but he immediately started for Toronto, Canada, declaring he would never come back. James Saddler, his companion, who went to live at the Y. M. C. A., swore out a warrant and caused the arrest of Edwin J. Townsend, the proprietor of the shop, charging him with false pretenses. Townsend was held under \$400 bail for court. He had been arrested on the same charge on several other occasions.

Not far distant is the day when what was once a great and important crop will have died down to nothingness—American hemp. Though raised here since the earliest colonial days, it is now passing into the limbo of forgotten things. Cotton has replaced hempen homespun for clothing, and steamers with wire rigging now plow the seven seas instead of wooden ships rigged with hempen ropes. Most rope now made is of abaca or Manila hemp. Jute has replaced hemp for cotton bale coverings, sacks, carpet warp, webbing and twines, and perhaps—quite as important—hemp land can be made to grow other and more profitable crops. The more widely adaptable cotton and the cheaper priced jute have doomed the American hemp industry.

The rapid growth of the castor-oil plant has become proverbial. Some commentators have declared that the plant known as Jonas's gourd was the castor-oil plant. There are vast plains in Bengal covered with the oil-producing vegetable. Immediately after the monsoon, when the water has receded, the peasant rakes the mire and puts the oil-plant seeds in the ground, two by two. The plants rapidly develop their great leaves and produce their fruit, which grows in groups of capsules, acquiring a coppery green color mottled with purple and rich carmine. When the hot sun has dried the pods they burst. The women and children watch the pods and, when the first crack appears, they are ready to catch the precious seeds within. When the seeds have dried a few days the natives toast them, crush them in a mortar, and plunge them in boiling water, when the oil rises to the surface.

A curious fact in connection with animal life on the deserts of the American Southwest is that rabbits, quail, squirrels, deer, antelope, the mountain sheep and any number of reptiles and insects live at great distances from visible water. The jack rabbit is specially notable in this respect; and, moreover, flourishes in regions without a particle of green food in sight for miles and miles. It may be found, happy and fat, spending the day under a scrap of bush that makes little more shade than a fishing net. His skin is as porous as a piece of buckskin, and the heat is sufficient to evaporate every drop of blood in his body, yet he seems to get on very nicely. The local people maintain that no one has ever seen a jack rabbit drink. Men have gone so far as to examine the margins of waterholes in those districts, with never a track of the rabbit disclosed beyond where the grass grew.

Lying in the Hudson River, off Seventy-ninth Street, New York, is one of the oldest ships that rides the seas to-day. Her bluff sides and wide beam have defied the buffetings of sea and gale for 123 years, yet she is almost as seaworthy to-day as when she first took the water, shortly after the birth of this nation. This dean of all sea craft is the British convict ship *Success*, the only prison ship in existence. Some years ago a syndicate raised her from her grave at the bottom of Sydney Harbor, in Australia, where she had lain many years. Since then the old boat has been working her way around the world, being exhibited to the public at prominent seaports along the coast. Captain D. H. Smith, her present owner, brought her to America last year under her own sail. The voyage from England required ninety-six days in the making, part of this time being marked by mutiny, ghosts and other exciting incidents. When in her prime the *Success* carried many thousands of felons to Australia, who were subjected to almost unbelievable cruelties in her black cells. She was afterward a floating prison in Melbourne Bay, Australia, and her teakwood decks reek of horrors and pathos. All the original instruments of torture are still on board. The boat will be on exhibition for several weeks.

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

—OR—

THE HERO OF THE 7th

By J. P. RICHARDS.

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER VI (continued.)

"They will just have time to reach camp before it is time to 'turn out.' Ugh, that must be dreadful, when one is tired and sleepy. But what a glorious sail that was. I never had such a good time in all my life. I am sorry that the term is so near ended. Think of it, Freda, no more school-days after next week. I don't know whether I am glad or sorry."

"It all depends upon how long the 7th regiment remains in camp," Freda replied, with a sly laugh. "If it breaks up next week, then you are glad to leave school, but if not, then you are sorry. Confess now, Winona, am I not right?"

Winona's pretty face flushed hotly, and sitting upright she was about to answer, when there came a loud knocking at the door, and once more Madam La Rue's voice called angrily:

"Young ladies, let me enter at once. This has gone far enough."

"Great heavens! it's madam, and by the tone she's frightfully bilious!" whispered Freda, clutching Winona by the arm. "What in the world are we going to do?" A rattle at the door knob warned her that madam was in no mood to stand trifling, and with a glance of dismay at her companion, she unlocked the door.

"Miss May, Miss Avery, I wish to know the meaning of this unladylike conduct," she said, severely, thoroughly out of patience at last. Twice during the night had she been broken of her rest, and she was as Freda said, "very bilious." "I demand an explanation at once of the unwarranted liberties you have taken with Miss Coffeen, and I also wish to know why you are up and dressed at this early hour, a very unusual occurrence indeed. Now what have you to say for yourselves regarding the insult offered Miss Coffeen?"

"The insult offered Miss Coffeen?" echoed Freda, opening her eyes very wide. "Why, what do you mean, madam? I do not understand you. As for being up so early, we awakened at an unusual hour—in fact, we were not able to sleep at all after hearing that dreadful noise last night, so we decided to dress ourselves and walk about the grounds until breakfast was ready. There was nothing wrong in that, was there, madam?"

"There is something decidedly wrong in the way you have treated Miss Coffeen," answered madam, very tartly. "You need not pretend that you know nothing about it, for you do, and I am shocked to think young ladies would stoop to do such a thing. Unless you return the articles to her at once you shall both remain in this room on a diet of bread and water all day, and I shall also write to your father and grandmother, Miss May."

"But dear, dear madam, we are at a loss to know what misconduct you accuse us of," Winona said, with one of her upward, angelic glances. "There is some terrible mis-

understanding here, and we are blamed for it. Please tell us what you mean, dear madam."

"Come with me to Miss Coffeen's room, and you will see what I mean," madam replied, frigidly. "It is a disgrace, an outrage, and I will not have such conduct in my school."

She led the way like an outraged queen, only she looked very unqueenly in her flannel wrapper thrown over her night dress, her bare feet thrust inside of slippers, her hair bristling with curl papers. The girls followed her, apparently the two most abused, wrongfully accused young persons in the wide world, to judge by their faces, when she stalked tragically into Miss Coffeen's room, where the enraged spinster sat on the edge of the bed muffled in a blanket, her face purple with anger.

It was all that Freda and Winona could do to keep from laughing, for with her bald head shining like a glass globe, and her sunken, toothless jaws, Miss Coffeen presented the appearance of a mummy just resurrected.

"What have you done with Miss Coffeen's hair and teeth, young ladies?" demanded Madam La Rue, turning to them. "Restore them to her at once."

"Teeth and hair, madam?" repeated Freda, her eyes opening in amazement, at the same time edging a trifle nearer the bed. "Why, how do we know? What upon earth would we want with the horrid things? We both are very much wronged."

"Wretch!" shrieked the frantic spinster in as loud a voice as she could without her teeth. "Wretch! How dare you stand there and utter such a bare-faced falsehood! I will have—oh, oh, oh!"

Her voice died out in a perfect howl of rage, for she had caught a glimpse of a passing smile on Madam La Rue's face, and conscious of her ridiculous appearance, she could control herself no longer. Reaching out one skinny arm she seized Freda, and pulling her down upon the edge of the bed, boxed her ears soundly.

"Miss Coffeen!" cried madam, with a gasp of horror. "Miss Coffeen! I am amazed! You forget yourself! Have I not forbidden you time and time again to strike a pupil? How dare you?"

Miss Coffeen only glared savagely at Freda, who had partly fallen upon the edge of the bed, apparently overcome by the blow. With the expression of a martyr she arose, saying sweetly:

"I forgive you, Miss Coffeen, for you do not know what you are doing. Dear madam, if you will ask her to look for her hair and teeth, or allow me, I think we can prove to you that we are not guilty of what you accuse us."

With these words she lifted the bed spread, and there lay the missing wig and false teeth.

"You see, Miss Coffeen, how unjustly you have accused these dear girls," Madam La Rue said, with a great show of dignity. "In order to atone for it, you must, when the proper time arrives, ask their forgiveness. You may return to your room, young ladies; I am very sorry this has happened."

The two madcaps crept back to their room, shaking with suppressed laughter, and when they entered the breakfast room, they were the meekest damsels present. Miss Coffeen glared at them, but they returned her glance of hatred with a saintly smile.

(To be Continued)

THE CLIFF DWELLERS OF ARIZONA.

By Horace Appleton.

It is over two years since I first visited that great plateau lying west of the Little Colorado or Flax River, in northern Arizona.

At that time mail service extended only to government forts and mining centers. Aside from the mail-coach, the only mode of travel was on horseback over narrow, winding trails. The first United States mail line established through this section in the spring of 1882 was repeatedly robbed by masked highwaymen, and was soon afterward discontinued. Near the now thriving town of Flagstaff, then a mere camp, fourteen highway robberies were committed in as many consecutive days.

The wildest disorder and lawlessness prevailed. The cemetery, on the gentle slope of a pine-clad hill just west of the town, contains more than a dozen graves of outlaws and desperadoes who met a violent death in the palmy days of railway construction.

The Apaches on the south were a standing menace to the contractor and settler, and even penetrated this section, killing the settlers, scattering and driving off the flocks and herds in Tonto Basin, a beautiful valley south of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway.

Mr. John W. Young, son of the late prophet and leader of Mormonism, who was then a prominent contractor, constructed a fort for the protection of his workmen and property.

The fort was named after one of the patron saints of Mormonism. It is now the headquarters for an extensive cattle range.

The entire section of country is dotted with towns and villages of a substantial character, containing schools, churches and printing offices.

The country ranges from 5,000 to 14,000 feet above the sea, has a delightful temperature, abounds in all kinds of wild game, and is strewn with the ruins and relics of prehistoric races. In scenic beauty it has few equals.

Three hundred and forty miles west of Albuquerque, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, is Flagstaff, now a prosperous and growing town, centrally located among the most attractive features of this section.

The pride and boast of the town is the ancient city of Cliff Dwellings, in a mountain gorge some eight miles east of the village.

It is a pleasant drive, affording much time for loitering and leisure by the wayside, where the winding road leads through alternate stretches of forests and prairie glades.

Antelope, black-tailed deer and wild turkey are here in great numbers, and the visitor to the Cliff Dwellings is frequently rewarded with a saddle of venison or a brace of birds.

The visitor has no warning of his proximity to the ancient pueblo until he stands on the very brink of the canyon and gazes down into a gorge, deep, dark and foreboding.

On descending he feels an oppressed sensation stealing over him, caused by the sudden shutting out of the broad

world, but he soon loses this in the contemplation of his surroundings.

It is as if he were transferred for the hour into some country and clime remote, abounding in forms and sights grotesque.

The trees and shrubs are of a variety wholly different from those just left on the heights above him, the birds of gayer song and more brilliant plumage, with here the skeleton of some monster beast, and there massive horns.

Continuing the descent to the bottom, he finds great rafts of logs piled high by the floods of former years. One of these great drifts, fired by an Indian or some adventurer, lies a black and desolate mass. Far up the frowning cliff walls have crumbled and mingled with the heaps of ashes and blackened half-buried trunks of trees.

Niched in the walls of these cliffs, in a broader and more cheerful part of the tortuous gorge, are the ruins of the cliff dwellers.

Some freak of nature has left great caverns in the stratified rocks, affording only floor and roof, leaving for the cliff dweller the simple task of dividing this space by walls according to fancy or necessity. The walls are built of mud and stone, and bear evidence of some skill in construction and rare ingenuity in location.

Every foot of space so covered is inclosed, even though the outer walls stand upon the very brink of the yawning depths below.

No enlightened mother, perhaps, has ever visited this spot without asking how those people could rear children in such a place.

The dwellings extend a mile along the rugged, jutting sides of the canyon, far down its walls, and yet are hundreds of feet from the bottom. They are constructed in tiers one above the other, and occupy each side of the gorge. There are six tiers in all.

This ancient city is accessible from only one or two points, and for only two persons at a time. It is the largest pueblo known. Although it has been visited by tourists and travelers from every quarter of the civilized world in the past season, many of its dark caverns are yet a mystery and have never been entered by a white man. Having once gained access to one row or tier, it is necessary to travel to the end of it before gaining access to the one above or below it.

While it is an accepted theory that these ruins are the former homes and dwelling place of some race now extinct, it seems more reasonable to suppose that they were the retreat of some vanquished people, who here sought refuge from the fierce nomadic tribes that roamed these wilds at a time so remote that history bears no record of their wars. Their descendants may yet be found in the Pueblos or Moquis.

As recently as nine years ago there were only thirteen motor omnibuses running in London. Now there are more than 2,000, and the number is being increased at the rate of about thirty each week. One company alone expects to have over 4,000 such vehicles running as soon as they can be produced and licensed. Nearly 70,000 motor vehicles of all descriptions have been licensed by the London county council.

On the Wheel for a Fortune

—OR—

The Wonderful Adventures of a Boy Bicyclist

By WILLIAM WADE.

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER VII (continued.)

Horace caught Sylvia in his arms and kissed her, bringing soft blushes to her fair cheeks. The words he murmured he scarcely knew the purport of, but they came from his heart, and were to Sylvia a revelation of the sweet secret that she was beloved.

"Horace," she said, as he released her, "surely we can see Providence in this. I never thought of the Indian totem. It was chance alone that brought it to light."

"Yes, yes. But hearing what the chief said, knowing that to the red men of the desert the secrets that are sealed to the white men are like open books, the thought came to me that perhaps these Indians know where the ownerless valley is," replied Horace.

The Apaches stood apart and watched the young couple and listened to all they said. Several of them besides the chief seemed to understand. They exchanged significant glances and then began to converse in their own language.

But Sylvia broke in upon their discussion, almost as soon as Horace had spoken and understood what he meant to suggest.

"Chief," she said earnestly. "Do you know of a little valley hidden away in the midst of the lava fields, where there are green grass, trees, flowers, and sweet flowing streams, where tall red peaks tower around and shut in the oasis?"

"Ugh! It is the valley of the spirits. There sleeps Taklahoma, the father of the tribe, and the warriors who fought with him when the bearded white men came first into our land. Red Hand knows the valley," answered the chief in low, awed tones.

"In that valley the great white medicine woman—old Hester—waits for me and my white companion. Will the chief guide us there?" asked Sylvia.

There was a moment's silence while Sylvia and the boy wheelman waited in painful suspense to hear the answer of the red chieftain who held their destiny in his hands.

But the young couple noted that he had shown no surprise when he heard that old Hester was in the ownerless valley, which it seemed was a place held in great veneration by his tribe.

From this they inferred the chief must have had previous knowledge that the medicine woman had come to dwell in the wonderful oasis of the lava fields.

The chief did not long hesitate about his reply:

Presently he said:

"It shall be as the white squaw says. Wolf Eye, the half-breed, shall guide the totem-bearer and the white youth. He knows the way. Red Hand cannot go. He is on the warpath. His foes are yonder—where the pale faces make their camp-fires," and he pointed to the northward—the direction of the rich gold fields recently opened by the whites.

"Tell the great white medicine woman it was Red Hand

who sent you, that he did not forget the totem or his promise, and that he asks when his wounded warriors come to her lodge will the medicine woman heal them," he added.

Sylvia gave the promise gladly.

Then the chief indicated the half-breed, whom he had chosen to become the guide of the young couple, and they looked at him curiously.

He was a sullen-looking fellow, evidently with Mexican blood in his veins. Traces of the Spanish type mingled with Indian characteristics were to be seen in his face.

There was something like a frown upon his swarthy countenance. Horace and Sylvia rather thought he did not like the duty to which he had been assigned. They fancied he would rather have remained upon the warpath—that he was athirst for bloodshed, and the taking of scalps.

But he made no protest.

And the lost ones were so rejoiced at finding anyone to guide them, that they did not think of offering any objection, much as the appearance of the half-breed failed to reassure them.

The chief took the fellow aside and spoke to him in the Apache tongue. Horace and Sylvia, though unable to understand what was said, supposed the chief was giving the half-breed some instructions.

When the confab ended the chief turned to the young couple and said:

"Palefaces can go now or when sun comes up."

"We will go now at once!" cried Sylvia.

And so, while the whole Apache band save only the half-breed rode off in a northerly course Horace and Sylvia mounted the safety and followed the guide, who bestrode a wiry looking pony.

The half-breed shaped his course to the northwest and proceeded in silence.

At length Horace asked how far it was to the valley in the lava fields.

In broken English the guide answered:

"One sun, maybe dark come 'fore get there."

So the wanderers knew they had strayed far out of the right course.

They journeyed on until the dawn came. Then they halted. The half-breed carried a supply of jerked venison and a skin bag filled with water. He shared the food and drink with the boy and girl.

But he seemed reserved and sullen. He would not talk, save to answer direct questions as briefly as possible, and he sat apart, while it seemed to those who depended upon him to guide them aright that he regarded them with far from friendly glances.

They had resumed their journey after the morning halt, when the half-breed, who was some little distance ahead, was seen to halt and leap from his pony. Then he went creeping along the sand as if he were searching for something. But suddenly he sprang up, remounted his small steed, and rode on as stoical and silent as before.

"It looks as if the guide may have found a trail," said Horace, and he increased the speed of the safety until he brought it alongside the half-breed.

(To be Continued)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Through Seibert's wonderful pitching the Midshipmen easily defeated Cornell at Annapolis, Md., on April 9, by a score of 4 to 0. Not a hit was made off his delivery and not a man reached first base, while, in addition, he struck out thirteen men.

Orvie Overall, the once great pitcher, has reported to the Cubs, after being out of baseball for two years. Overall weighs 235 pounds, but said he would be down to his proper weight within two weeks and ready to pitch. He has developed a "spitter" which he says he will practice hard to perfect.

Perhaps the highest price paid for a sermon goes every year to a German preacher, who discourses on the good deeds of a French baron named Favart, who died in Elberfeld in 1690. Favart left money for this purpose, and the interest now amounts to \$4,600 per annum, which goes to the preacher as his reward.

Four military aeroplanes, piloted by Lieutenants Reimbert, Cheutin, Jolain and Benoist, of the French Army, arrived at Biskra, Algeria, on April 17, after a 500-mile round trip over the Sahara Desert. One of the machines carried Colonel Boutteaux as a passenger. The entire flight was made without an escort.

Charles Smith, a painter, nearly died in the vault of the new South Norwalk Savings Bank, South Norwalk, the other afternoon. He accidentally shut the door, the bolts fell and the time lock set so that it could not be released until the following morning. It took three hours before bank officials and experts could be brought and the vault opened. Smith was found helpless on the floor. He was physically a wreck, having almost gone mad. So deep were the walls that his cries could not be heard and he had no knowledge that he had been missed or that any attempt was being made to get him out.

On the night of the famous blizzard of March 12, 1888, twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Wilbur Shaffer, of No. 414 Duboise Street, Newburgh, lost a pocketbook containing \$11. On the following day she advertised the loss, but never heard anything of her cash until the other day, when a stranger called upon her and handed her the money. Mrs. Shaffer had forgotten the incident. The man said he had found her \$11 and had seen her advertisement, but at the time did not wish to return the money. Soon after that he left Newburgh and went West and had not been here since. All the time his conscience troubled him. He would not give his name.

Jose Casimiro, a bullfighter of Lisbon, is for the moment the hero of the Portuguese royalists. His appearance in the bull ring recently just after he had been acquitted by a court martial on a charge of monarchist conspiracy was the cause of desperate rioting. The ten thousand spectators

in the amphitheatre cheered and hissed him furiously, according to their political sympathies, until he left the ring. When the people made their exit fighting between the monarchists and republicans began outside the doors, and as practically everybody in Lisbon carries a weapon there was much shooting and many persons were wounded. The troops of the garrison were called out by the authorities and eventually succeeded in clearing the field.

An announcement of vital interest in the world of electrical science was made at the meeting of the American Philosophical Society the other afternoon. Dr. Michael I. Pupin, of Columbia University, inventor of the famous "Pupin coil," informed the savants present that he had produced a machine which, by overcoming the absorbent qualities of the atmosphere, would strengthen the feeble waves of wireless telegraphy messages and thereby facilitate long distance communication. It was the first news of his discovery given to the public. Dr. Elihu Thomson, in charge of the General Electric Company's plant at Lynn, Mass., thought it meant the possibility of sending messages completely around the globe in the near future.

A premature explosion of dynamite occurred on April 19, between the Pedro Miguel locks and the Miraflores locks of the Panama Canal. Three men were killed and twenty-three wounded. About 21,000 pounds of dynamite, filling ninety-six drill holes, "let go" from some unknown cause. The electric wires were not attached, and the only explanation seems to be that a sulphur formation at this point had generated heat. The explosion occurred just at the moment that notification had been sent to the foreman that everything was ready for the blast. The material broken up consisted mostly of hard clay. Had it been rock, the rock gang would have been annihilated. The casualties were confined to laborers from the West Indies and nearby places.

Tailors are receiving orders from their customers that at least one asbestos pocket be placed in every suit and every overcoat they make, as a result of the new "no-smoking" rule of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. A widely known Walnut Street tailor placed a large order for asbestos, and when asked if he had been employed to make an asbestos suit he explained: "Why, some of my customers are bringing back their overcoats to have the asbestos pocket fixed. They want the pocket as a saving in cigar bills. There is no danger to the clothes, as there is a little flap on the asbestos pocket that makes it partially air-tight, and the cigar, without air, goes out almost as soon as it is placed in the pocket. It smokes very little, and there is no danger that the conductor will attempt to put off the passenger with the asbestos pocket." The tailor said he got the idea of the asbestos pocket from a wealthy business man, who pays 50 cents apiece for his cigars, and objects to throwing away 45 cents' worth because the traction company says he must.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS

Ray Zuckerdot, a two-year-old girl, of No. 292 Second Street, New York, died the other night in the Presbyterian Hospital with a needle through her heart. She had been ill for a year, but the cause was only recently learned, when X-ray photographs showed that the needle was penetrating the wall of her right ventricle. The parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Zuckerdot, believe that the child swallowed the needle while being wheeled about by a little girl neighbor.

John Brosseau, a Canadian, died at Marinette, Wis., and was buried in potter's field. Relatives came here recently and for the first time it was learned that he possessed an estate of \$60,000. Brosseau's father left the estate to the son, but placed control of it in the hands of the wife because of the son's intemperate habits. It was provided that he should receive a dollar a day. Angry at the provisions of the will he left Canada and came here. He was a wood chopper and was widely known in the lumber district. He died of tuberculosis in the poorhouse.

It is said that at one time the Icelanders taught tame bears to jump into the sea and catch seals. In China birds do equally well, for at a signal they dive into the lakes and bring up large fish grasped in their bills. In Greece the fishermen use branches of pine steeped in pitch and lighted; the inhabitants of Amorgos used cypress-leaved cedar, which served, when lighted, as a lure; and the Chinese fish in the night with white-painted boards placed in a manner to reflect the rays of the moon upon the water. These attract the fish to the boat, when the men cast a large net and seldom fail to draw out considerable quantities. Anchovies are fished for in a similar manner.

Frank P. Cady, Deputy Game Warden, and Joseph Milligan, his assistant, were shot and severely wounded near Susanville, Cal., on April 27, by Indians whom they had arrested at Tule Lake for violations of the game laws. An Indian was killed in the fight. The officers had arrested eleven Indians and were taking them to Madeline when one of the prisoners struck Cady on the head, and snatching his rifle, shot him through the body. Milligan was shot four times. The Indians, carrying the body of their dead comrade, were pursued by a posse headed by Sheriff Smith of Modoc County. Six Indians who were placed in the Lassen County jail, charged with the shooting of two officers at Tule Lake, are in danger of being lynched. A crowd surrounded the jail lately, and Sheriff Huntingser and a large force of deputies are on guard.

Two women and three children were burned to death in a fire that destroyed two frame barracks occupied by non-commissioned officers of the Sixth Infantry and their families at the Presidio, San Francisco, Cal., on April 27. The victims were members of the family of Sergeant Schall—his wife, her mother and his three children, aged 5, 7 and 9 years. Schall made a frantic effort to have his family,

and when at length he was dragged from the burning building he lost control of himself and was taken to the hospital under guard. A sentry discovered the blaze shortly before midnight. The barracks, located in the west cantonment, were occupied by four families. The flames swept the frame structures, and the sentry could only warn three of the families in time. When he reached Schall's quarters they were a mass of flames. The great rapidity with which the fire spread was caused by the explosion of a quantity of gasoline in one of the barracks.

The appointment of a woman as receiver of the United States Government's land office at Leadville, Col., and Secretary of the Interior Lane's remark that "money can be more safely handled by women than by men" have aroused considerable interest in London. Heads of business firms have been interviewed, and the general verdict is that women are astonishingly honest. Mr. Lawrie, managing director of Whiteley's stores, said that in fourteen years' experience he had not known a single case of dishonesty among the women employees, and that could not be said of men. Women, he added, were quite loyal, but they perhaps had fewer temptations than men with families. "Between the ages of 25 and 30 women are often superb in business," he commented, "they may not be as enterprising as men at the head of a firm, but as heads of departments they are often unrivaled."

Another international military aviation incident occurred on the France-Germany frontier the other morning, when a German army aeroplane alighted on French territory at Nord Arrancourt. Two German officers in uniform were on board. These were Captain Devall, Chief Inspector of Aviation of the German Army Division, whose headquarters are at Darmstadt, and Lieutenant von Mirbash. The local military police and French customs officers hastened to the spot, and Captain Devall explained to them that his gasoline had become exhausted, and he was compelled to descend, but he had thought at the time of landing that he was on the German side of the frontier. The Deputy Prefect of the town of Luneville and other French administrative officials made an investigation into the affair, and meanwhile the German aeroplane was kept under detention. The French ministers of war and of the interior were communicated with, and after they had heard the report of the civil and military authorities decided that the landing was unavoidable. The aeroplane was released and returned to Germany. Instructions from the French Foreign Office had in the interval been sent to Jules Cambon, French Ambassador at Berlin, who was told to call the attention of the German Government to the repeated landing of German military aircraft in France and the serious inconveniences brought about by such occurrences. M. Cambon was directed to ask Germany to take measures to avoid the recurrence of such incidents and to discuss with France the drafting of rules for settling future happenings of this kind.

TIMELY TOPICS

LARGE CONSUMPTION OF CIGARETTES.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue reports that during the first seven months of the current fiscal year 8,500,000,000 cigarettes had been consumed, 2,250,000,000 more than in the same period last year, and 12,000,000 pounds of chewing and smoking tobacco in excess of last year. In the seven months 38,864,000 barrels of beer were consumed, an increase of 1,800,000 barrels.

SCOTLAND'S JURIES.

In criminal cases in Scotland the petty jury is represented by the criminal assize. This jury has always consisted of fifteen persons, and the jurors are chosen by ballot by the clerk of the court from the list containing the names of the special and common jurors, five from the special, ten from the common. Each side has five peremptory challenges, of which no more than two may be exercised upon special jurors. The challenges for cause are without limit. The verdict need not be unanimous. A majority suffices. Three verdicts are permitted—guilty, not guilty and not proved.

POPCORN IN PARIS.

Americans have been rejoicing recently over the opening by a young countryman of an exclusively American candy shop, where real popcorn can be had fresh for the first time in the history of Paris. The "popper" is wielded daily by a white-clad cook in a conspicuous position just inside the window, and a large number of visitors have already been attracted. The "popcorn shop," as it is called, has been decked out in charming fashion, American artists of the Latin quarter having contributed decorations for posters and designs for candy boxes, lamp shades, and the sign board. American candy and other home delicacies will be supplied as well as tea, while Welsh rarebit, a dish unknown to French people, may be had every night. In a few days American pancakes also will be provided. The proprietor of the "popcorn store" is a young writer of short stories from Portland, Ore., who has been in Paris only a few months. He explains that running the shop will enable him to give a large part of his time to study here.

ATHLETIC TRAINING.

In view of the astonishing preparations that are being made for the Olympic games by both the peoples and the governments of Sweden, France, Germany, and America, the English Amateur Athletic Association has worked out a scheme for facilitating the training of English athletes for the games in 1916. After pointing out that the Swedes have engaged an American trainer at a princely salary for expert instruction, and that the Germans are sending a specialist to America in order to study American training methods, the report of the English A. A. A. says:

"It is realized that we really haven't the least idea of

the art of a great many of the Olympic events. For instance, among the Americans and Swedes there are dozens of men who not only beat our best pole jumpers, but by an outrageous margin. The athletic advisory committee considers our running spoiled by what is called the Oxford stride as opposed to the Stockholm stride. In hammer throwing our athletes improved by thirty feet after a little instruction from American athletes, and similar improvements can be achieved in other events."

ARMY POST FIRES.

Perhaps the low percentage of fires in the army is directly due to the fact that guard duty is never suspended. In daylight and dark, during peace or in time of war, armed sentries walk their posts, scattered everywhere over the garrisons. Falling asleep while on guard is a serious offense. Therefore the guards are always alert. Never is a sentry mounted on a post without a caution to look out for fires. One of the first charges of a guard's general orders is one in which he is cautioned to keep a sharp watch for fire. His first duty in case a building is occupied by humanity is to warn the occupants. Next he turns in a general alarm. And when the fire call is blown by the trumpeter at the main guardhouse every male member of the garrison, except the guard, is compelled to hurry to the scene of the fire, no matter where it is and no matter how he is dressed. It is not necessary that a man should be in regulation uniform to respond to a fire call. Military fires do not wait for antagonists in full dress parade costume, any more than city fires procrastinate while the members of the department make careful toilets. Once a week, sometimes oftener, in every military garrison, large or small, throughout the country—and there are several hundred at home and in our possessions—a fire drill is held. Not a soul save the commanding officer is advised of what hour of the day or night or on what day of the week a fire call will be blown. As fires do not give warning of their coming, it is obviously advantageous that a fire drill should be as uncertain. When the fire call goes, either for drill or for a fight for life and property, the soldiers rush out of their quarters, leave their posts in the company kitchens and on the drill grounds, picking up fire buckets and fire axes as they go in the race for the fire station. Some may be hatless, some coatless and others shirtless. But it is an honor to be among the first to take hold of the fire equipment. All the officers dash for the firehouse, too, and the highest ranking officer present assumes the duties of fire chief. A run is made with chemical engines and hand drawn hose carts and hook and ladder trucks for a building designated as the scene of the fire. When the equipment is out for a fire drill the men take advantage of the occasion and play water on the windows of buildings, giving them a good cleaning. The amount of fire fighting apparatus furnished the posts by the government for their protection is regulated, of course, entirely by the size and needs of each post.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

ANOTHER AVIATOR KILLED.

The German aviator Dunetz was killed on April 24 at the Johanisthal Aerodrome, in the suburbs of Berlin, by falling from a considerable height when flying in his aeroplane. Princess Eugenie Shakoffskova, a certificated Russian air pilot, and Vseveled Abramovitch, a Russian aviator, also fell while flying at Johannisthal lately, and both were injured, Abramovitch very severely and the princess slightly. Their machine collapsed at a height of thirty feet and dashed to the ground. The death of Herr Dunetz is the 255th in the annals of aviation and the 37th since the beginning of the present year.

WINE TO MAKE HENS LAY.

It is reported from France that Professor Joubert, of the Agricultural College at Fontainebleau, has discovered a simple method of making hens lay. It appears that the professor feeds them with wine in addition to their ordinary food. A series of elaborate experiments was conducted by Joubert, and these produced, it is said, the same result in every case. In each instance he experimented during the four winter months with two sets of twelve fowls of the same breed, adding bread soaked in wine to the food of one of the two sets of twelve. In every case the wine-fed hens laid more eggs than the others.

FRANK GOTCH MAY WRESTLE AGAIN.

Frank Gotch, world's champion wrestler, is in hopes that his wrestling days are over, but he has stopped using the word "retired." The champion so expressed himself while stopping off at Des Moines on his way to Humboldt from Kansas City, where he made a monkey out of another foreign challenger when he dumped George Ehrich a couple of falls in less than a half hour. "There is a possibility I will wrestle again on Labor Day," said Gotch yesterday, "but there is nothing certain. I would much prefer keeping out of the game. But when they come around dangling those big purses and begging me to throw these fellows it is human nature to accept."

SOLDIERS AS CLERKS.

Everybody who has had any dealings with the French War Office recalls the numerous clerks in various uniforms that are found in every office and seem to have no other business in life than to sit on desks, smoke cigarettes, and gossip. A recent investigation has disclosed the fact that the work done by these soldier-clerks is entirely unnecessary, for the greater part, since the correspondence handled by them is mainly the result of the constant stream of applications by officers for promotion. As a rule, when an officer applies for promotion, transfer, special leave, or any other favor, he makes use of any political influence of which he can avail himself, and as all such applications are dealt with by methods more distinguished by red tape than

efficiency, the correspondence is enormous. In the same way these soldier-clerks owe their pleasant positions, with extra housing and boarding stipends, to political influence. For example, a deputy is asked by a neighbor to see that the latter's son, who has just been ordered to join his regiment, receives a nice post at the Ministry. As there is no limit to the number of "nice posts" there, the request is usually complied with. This system not only removes from active service hundreds of able-bodied men, but the men so favored are expected to help the friends of the Deputies who are officers asking favors. The Minister of War hopes to be able to send these soldier-clerks back to their regiments by depriving them of what little occupation they have. In the future the application of an officer for future promotion, leave, etc., must be approved of by his superior officer, and then without any political recommendations be sent at once to the General Staff, where it will be acted on by the proper bureau.

RARE BIRDS FROM JAPAN.

The Kellerstrass Farm of Kansas City has just imported from Japan a consignment of the Phoenix or long-tailed Japanese fowls. They are sometimes called Yokohamas. It is a very rare and ancient breed and there are drawings of them in Japan which date back prior to 1000 A. D. It is said that they came to Japan after the invasion of the Koreans about 700 B. C. There are some specimens in the Museum of Natural History with flowing tails that reach ten to twelve feet in height. There are four or more distinct varieties, black, white, golden and duckwing. If Mr. Kellerstrass has succeeded in getting some of the really long and full-tailed birds he has succeeded where nearly every one else has failed, as this bird is considered sacred in Japan. A long-tailed one may be had, but not a really full-tailed one, the kind that possesses genuine beauty. It is a comparatively easy matter to get one or two exceptionally long feathers, but to get one where the saddles and hangers are all of an abnormal length is not an easy matter. The Japanese have a secret way of producing this length and some of the Hamburg fanciers copy after it to a certain extent by pulling the feathers from time to time. In this way, it is said, the natural mouth is checked and the quill continues to grow. The hens in proportion are as finely feathered as the male. These birds are supposed to be closely identified with what is called the Shinto religion, and according to Professor Dean in his travels, the Torii, of which there are many in front of every temple, were simply roots placed there by the worshippers to show the bird their appreciation of its service, as by its crow it enticed the Sun Goddess out of the place where she had shut herself in. They are also very careful of these feathers and protect them in many ways by wrapping in very fine paper and curling them up, and sometimes they are wound around a spool. As a utility proposition not much can be earned of them, as they are bred more for ornament than anything else.

ITCH POWDER.



Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It

will make him scratch, rear, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 16 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nicked brass. It holds just one dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

X-RAY WONDER



This is a wonderful little optical illusion. In use, you apparently see the bones in your hand, the hole in a pipe-stem, the lead in a pencil, etc. The principle on which it is operated cannot be disclosed here, but it will afford no end of fun for any person who has one. Price, 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE SWIMMING FISH



Here is a fine mechanical toy. It is an imitation goldfish, about 4 1/2 inches long, and contains a water-tight compartment which will not allow it to sink. To keep it

in a natural position, the lower fin is ballasted with lead. To make it work, a spring is wound up. You then throw it in the water, and the machinery inside causes the tail to wiggle, and propel it in the most lifelike manner. When it runs down the fish floats until it is recovered, and it can then be rewound. Races between two of these fishes are very interesting. Price, 25 cents each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

LAUGHABLE EGG TRICK



This is the funniest trick ever exhibited and always produces roars of laughter. The performer says to the audience that he requires some eggs for one of his experiments. As no spectator carries any, he calls his assistant, taps him on top of the head, he gags, and an egg comes out of his mouth. This is repeated until six eggs are produced. It is an easy trick to perform, once you know how, and always makes a hit. Directions given for working it. Price, 25 cents by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

CARTER AEROPLANE No. 1.



Will fly on a horizontal line 150 feet! Can be flown in the house, and will not injure itself nor anything in the room. The most perfect little aeroplane made. The motive power is furnished by twisted rubber bands contained within the tubular body of the machine. It is actuated by a propeller at each end revolving in opposite directions. Variation in height may be obtained by moving the planes and the balance weight. It can be made to fly either to the right or the left by moving the balance side-wise before it is released for flight. Price, 35c. each, delivered.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Sure Fire
Accuracy
Penetration**

**The World's
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Remington-UMC .22 cal. cartridges have broken two records in two years.

The present world's 100-shot gallery record, 2484 ex 2500, held by Arthur Hubalek was made with these hard hitting .22's.

They will help you, too, to break your best shooting records.

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299 Broadway, New York City



The Remington-UMC cubs make a find

RAVELLING JOKE.

Yards upon yards of laughs. Don't miss it! Everyone falls for this one. It consists of a nice little bobbin around which is wound a spool of thread. You pin the bobbin under the lapel of your coat, and pull the end of the thread through your button hole, then watch your friend try to pick the piece of thread off your coat. Enough said! Get one! Price, 12c. each, by mail. Postage stamps taken same as money.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

INDIAN FINGER TRAP.



A couple can be joined together and their struggle to be released only makes matters worse. It will hold them as tight as a rat-trap, and the more they try to pull away, the tighter it grips. Our traps are extra long. Price, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

SNAKES IN THE GRASS



Something entirely new, consisting of six large cones, each one nearly one inch in height. Upon lighting one of these cones with a match, you see something similar to a 4th of July exhibition of fireworks. Sparks fly in every direction, and as the cone burns down it throws out and is surrounded with what appears to be grass; at the same time a large snake uncoils himself from the burning cone and lazily stretches out in the grass, which at last burns to ashes but the snake remains as a curiosity unharmed. They are not at all dangerous and can be set off in the parlor if placed on some metal surface that will not burn. An ordinary dust pan answers the purpose nicely. Price of the six cones, packed in sawdust, in a strong wooden box, only 10c., 3 boxes for 25c., 1 dozen boxes 75c., sent by mail postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

EGGS OF PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.



A wonderful and startling novelty! "Pharaoh's Serpents" are produced from a small egg, no larger than a pea. Place one of them on a plate, touch fire to it with a common match, and instantly a large serpent, a yard or more in length, slowly uncoils itself from the burning egg. Each serpent assumes a different position. One will appear to be gliding over the ground, with head erect, as though spying danger; another will coil itself up, as if preparing for the fatal spring upon its victim, while another will stretch out lazily, apparently enjoying its usual noonday nap. Immediately after the egg stops burning, the serpent hardens, and may afterward be kept as an amusing curiosity. They are put up in wooden boxes, twelve eggs in a box. Price, 8c., 3 boxes for 20c.; 1 dozen boxes for 60c., sent by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

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FREE BLUE ENAMELLED FLAG PIN.



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BEVERLY NOVELTY CO., 209J Beverly Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOYS and GIRLS

Do you wish to earn \$1.00 a day for working one or two hours? Send us YOUR NAME on a POSTAL and we will TELL you HOW. HALJE SALES ASS'N, 200 Claremont Ave., A-53 NEW YORK.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME



Ventriloquist Double Throat. Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co., Dept. K Frenchtown, N.J.

JAPANESE TRICK KNIFE.



You can show the knife and instantly draw it across your finger, apparently cutting deep into the flesh. The red blood appears on the blade of the knife, giving a startling effect to the spectators. The knife is removed and the finger is found in good condition. Quite an effective illusion. Price 10c. each by mail. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

LITTLE RIP'S TEN-PINS.



In each set there are ten pins and two bowling balls, packed in a beautifully ornamented box. With one of these miniature sets you can play ten-pins on your dining-room table just as well as the game can be played in a regular alley. Every game known to professional bowlers can be worked with these pins. Price, 10c. per box by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

DUPLEX BICYCLE WHISTLE.



This is a double whistle, producing loud but very rich, harmonious sounds, entirely different from ordinary whistles. It is just the thing for bicyclists or sportsmen, its peculiar double and resonant tones at once attracting attention. It is an imported whistle, handsomely nickel plated, and will be found a very useful and handy pocket companion. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen, 75c., sent by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

BUBBLE BLOWER.



With this device, a continuous series of bubbles can be blown. It is a wooden, cigar-shaped blower, enclosing a small vial, in which there is a piece of soap. The vial is filled with water, and a peculiarly perforated cork is inserted. When you blow in to the mouthpiece, it sets up a hydraulic pressure through the cork perforations and causes bubble after bubble to come out. No need of dipping into water once the little bottle is filled. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

HALF MASKS.



False-faces beaten a mile! There are 7 in a set and represent an Indian, a Japanese girl, a clown, Foxy Grandpa, an English Johnny Atkins and an Automobileist. Beautifully lithographed in handsome colors on a durable quality of cardboard. They have eyeholes and string perforations. Price, 6c. each, or the full set of 7 for 25c., postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

MYSTIC PUZZLE.



The newest and most novel puzzle on the market. It consists of a flat piece of wood 1 1/2 x 3 inches, neatly covered with imitation leather. The cross-bar and ring in the hole are nickel-plated. The object is to get the small ring off the bar. It absolutely cannot be done by anyone not in the secret. More fun to be had with it than with any other puzzle made. It is not breakable and can be carried in the vest pocket.

Price 10 cents each by mail, post-paid
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

TABLE RAISING TRICK.



The most mystifying trick ever done by a magician. The performer shows a plain light table. He places his hand flat upon its top. The table clings to his hand as if glued there. He may swing it in the air, but the table will not leave his hand until he sets it on the floor again. The table can be inspected to show that there are no strings or wires attached.

Price 12 cents each, by mail, post-paid
M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

MUSICAL SEAT.



The best joke out. You can have more fun than a circus, with one of these novelties. All you have to do is to place one on a chair seat (hidden under a cushion, if possible). Then tell your friend to sit down. An unearthly shriek from the little round drum will send your victim up in the air, the most puzzled and astonished mortal on earth. Don't miss getting one of these genuine laugh producers. Perfectly harmless, and never misses doing its work.

Price 20 cents each, by mail, post-paid
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS.



Without exception, the most beautiful and interesting things on the market. They consist of a dozen dried-up sprigs, neatly encased in handsomely decorated envelopes, just as they are imported from Japan. Place one sprig in a bowl of water, and it begins to exude various bright tints. Then it slowly opens out into various shapes of exquisite flowers. They are of all colors of the rainbow. It is very amusing to watch them take form.

Small size, price 5 cents; large size, 10 cents a package, by mail, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

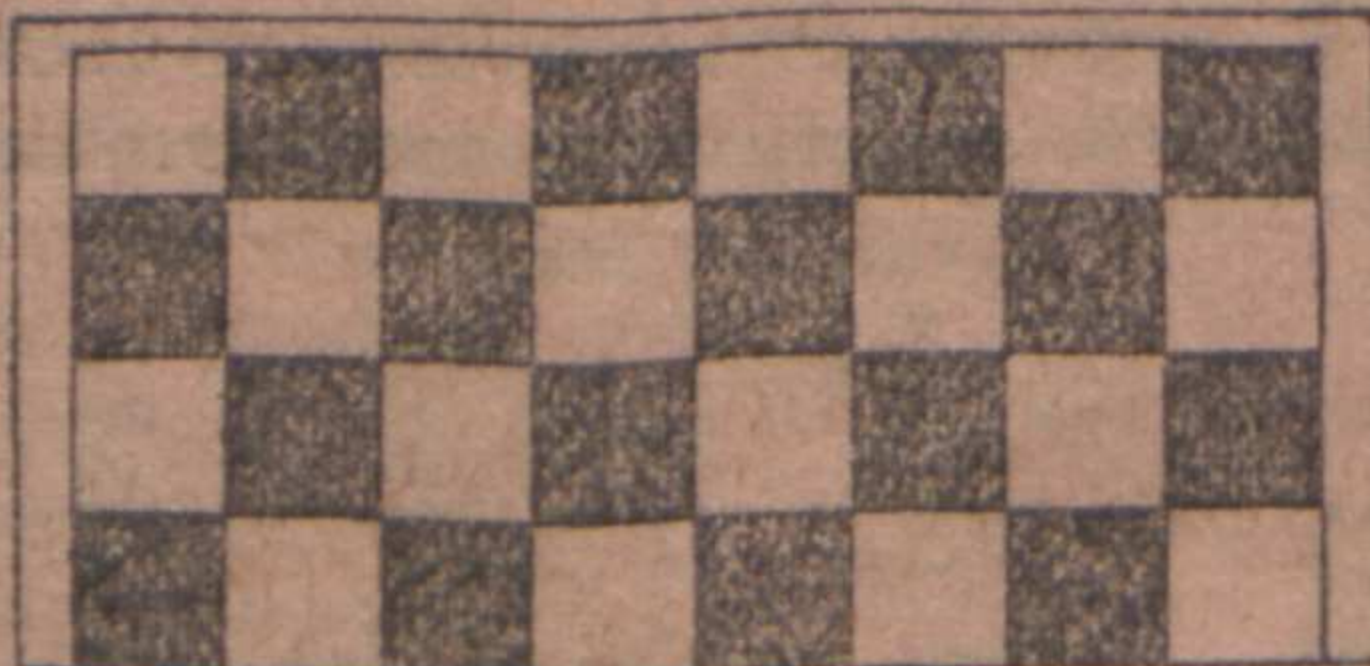
HUMANATONE.



The improved Humanatone. This flute will be found to be the most enjoyable article ever offered; nickel plated, finely polished; each put up in a box with full instruction how to use them. Price, 18c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

LITTLE CHECKER BOARDS.



Price 7 cents each by mail. They are made of durable colored cardboard, fold to the size of 6 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches, and are so handy in size that they can be carried in the pocket. They contain 24 red and black checkers, and are just as serviceable as the most expensive boards made. The box and lid can be fastened together in a moment by means of patent joints in the ends. Full directions printed on each box.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

DOUBLE CLAPPERS.



They are handsomely made of white wood, 6 inches long, with carefully rounded edges. On each side a steel spring is secured, with flat leaden discs at the ends. They produce a tremendous clatter, and yet they can be played even better than the most expensive bones used by minstrels. The finest article of its kind on the market. Price 7 cents a pair, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

THE FLUTTER-BY.



This mechanical flying machine is worked by a new principle. It looks like a beautiful butterfly, about 9 inches wide. In action its wing movements are exactly like those of a live butterfly. It will travel through the air about 25 feet, in the most natural manner. As flying toys are all the rage, this one should be a source of profit and amusement to both old and young. Price, 18c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.



A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled, are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the neatest and best cheap trick ever invented.

Price, only 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.
M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

FIFFL.



Also known as a Japanese butterfly. A pleasing novelty enclosed in an envelope. When the envelope is opened Fiffil will fly out through the air for several yards. Made of colored paper to represent a butterfly six inches wide.

Price, 10c.
M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

VANISHING CIGAR.



This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

JAPANESE TWIRLER.



A wonderful imported paper novelty. By a simple manipulation of the wooden handles a number of beautiful figures can be produced. It takes on several combinations of magnificent colors.

Price, 10c., postpaid.
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SPRING TOPS.



Something new for the boys. A top you can spin without a string. This is a decided novelty. It is of large size, made of brass, and has a heavy balance rim. The shank contains a powerful spring and has an outer casing. The top of the shank has a milled edge for winding it up. When wound, you merely lift the outer casing, and the top spins at such a rapid speed that the balance rim keeps it going a long time. Without doubt the handsomest and best top on the market.

Price 12 cents each, by mail, post-paid
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

LITTLE ACCORDEONS.



The smallest, cheapest, and best sounding musical instrument for the price. This perfect little accordion has four keys and eight notes, a complete scale, upon which you can play almost any tune. It is about 5 x 2 1/2 inches in size, and is not a toy, but a practical and serviceable accordion in every respect; with ordinary care it will last for years, and produces sweet music and perfect harmony. Anyone can learn to play it with very little practice.

Price 12 cents each, by mail, post-paid
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE NEW FROG JOKER.



Bushels of fun! "Frogey" has got a very croaking and rasping voice, and when held in the hollow of the hand and made to croak, one instinctively looks around for a bullfrog. An amusing joke can be played on your friends by passing the ratchet-wheel of the frog down their coat-sleeve or the back of their coat. The ripping, tearing noise gives them a severe shock, and they heave a sigh of relief when they find that their clothes are sound and whole as before. A good joke is to make a gentleman's or lady's watch a stem winder. With the frog concealed in your hand, you take the stem of the watch between your thumb and finger, and at the same time allow the ball of your thumb to pass over the ratchet-wheel of the frog, when to the company you will seem to be winding the watch, but the noise will startle them, for 'twill sound more like winding Barnum's steam callope than a watch, and you can keep winding indefinitely. The possessor of one of these Frog Jokers can have any amount of fun with it. It is made of bronze metal and will never wear out. Do not fail to send for one. Price, 10c., 3 for 25c. by mail, post-paid; one dozen by express, 75c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1913.

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ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

The Maelstrom is the most famous whirlpool in the world, and is off the coast of Norway between the two islands Moskoe and Moskonas of the Loftoden group. For six hours the tide flows from north to south, and for another six hours it flows from south to north, and the result is an immense whirlpool. It is worst at very high and very low tide.

Clinton Hiller, twenty years old, of No. 67 South Street, Newark, N. J., died the other night in the City Hospital as the result of injuries received while playing baseball. He was practicing with the ball team of St. Luke's Church and was hit on the head with a pitched ball. At the hospital it was found that his skull was fractured. He died while being carried to the operating room.

The key was one of the first things invented by man. The primitive key was probably a thorn or splinter. Afterward fish-bones seem to have come into use. Wooden pegs followed these. In modern times, the process of manufacturing keys is very highly developed. Fifty years ago there were only some hundred varieties of keys, each having its special name and distinct use. To-day they are legion.

The parcel post is being hailed by traveling men as the "first aid to the knight of the grip." Instead of struggling toward hotels, sagging under the weight of heavy bags, many drummers are now seen strutting jauntily along with little bundles under their arms. These salesmen send clothing home by parcel post, to be washed. The postage is less than a laundry bill, the traveling men say, and the clothes last longer.

An innovation in lunch delivery by the agency of the parcel post was started recently, when a downtown restaurateur sent out 300 meals in pasteboard packages to brokers, bankers, real-estate men, clerks, and those of other occupations. The packages were mailed so that they would be delivered shortly before the noon hour. The idea was evolved as a solution of the short-lunch period, experienced by many business men. Although the scheme was tried only as an experiment, it was it would be continued permanently if the patronage warranted.

When Governor Bleese left his office for a moment on April 26, James Johnson, a notorious yeggman, known as "Portland Ned," paroled the other day from a ten-year term in the State penitentiary for robbing a safe in 1902, walked into the corridor and disappeared. A government officer was waiting in the adjoining office with a warrant for his arrest, charging him with robbing the Plymouth, N. C., postoffice in 1898. Governor Bleese granted his 627th parole to-day to a school teacher, who, with another woman's assistance, killed her husband with an axe while he slept.

A bag of mail, apparently consigned to Italy, was picked up at Long Beach, Long Island, April 24. The finder, Jesse Abrams, of Christian Hook, an ancient community in what is now known as Oceanside, at once informed the Postmaster General. Abrams was gathering driftwood when he found the bag. How the bag came to be lost from a liner has caused much speculation. The theory has been advanced that a mail clerk, knowing letters bound for Italy frequently contain money, looted the sack and then threw it overboard.

Engineers are now pointing out the value of cement grouting for repairing defective masonry, lining walls, and making tunnel roofs water-tight. In Germany a well polluted by infiltrations was put into satisfactory condition by lowering into it a sheet-iron drum, filling the space between the drum and the walls of the well with Portland cement, and withdrawing the drum after the cement had set. The damaged masonry of a tunnel was repaired by injecting liquid cement under pressure. Air at a pressure of seventy-eight pounds per square inch sufficed to force the cement into place.

A man whose face was partly blown away by a shell in a battle of the Franco-Prussian War, in 1871, has just been supplied with an ingenious mask, which effectively conceals the disfigurement. In place of the man's nose and cheek bones were unsightly hollows. Doctor Jean Monod and M. Henri Valette, a sculptor, have fashioned for him an aluminum mask, which is held in place by an invisible piece of mechanism. To give the mask a natural appearance it was painted by a special process and molded to show wrinkles as in real life. It extends from just above the eyebrows to the lower part of the cheeks.

An earthquake which lasted from 10 to 60 seconds, according to various reports, shook a wide section of Northern New York and Canada at about 7:30 P. M., April 28. In some places "a loud rumbling sound" followed the quake. There was a very high wind and sea on the St. Lawrence River. At Lisbon, N. Y., a religious sect who have been predicting the end of the world thought they had struck it right. Frightened persons ran from shaking houses in Ogdensburg. At Clinton, St. Lawrence County, the shock lasted a minute, dishes scattered, pictures fell. The shock was particularly violent in the northwestern part of Montreal and Westmouth, where houses swayed and furniture rattled for several seconds. At Ottawa a well-defined earthquake of fifteen seconds' duration was felt.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

A "BACK YARD" FRUIT FARM.

A hobby that is novel and useful occupies the odd moments of Dr. Fred Hatch, who lives at Thirty-ninth Street and Troost Avenue. His sizable back yard is a small orchard. Twelve trees are planted there, each of which bears several varieties of apples. One of the most unique is a tree on which Jonathans, Early Harvests, Winesaps and Ganos are grown. Several of the other trees bear three varieties of fruit. Dr. Hatch obtained the buds from one of the best orchards in Jackson County. His experiments have been entirely successful. Before Dr. Hatch came to study surgery in Kansas City he lived on a farm at Peru, Kan. The greater part of the farm was an apple orchard and Dr. Hatch is recalling his boyhood in his backyard "fruit farm."

BOATS SPEEDIER IN DEEP WATER.

Unaccountable though slight deviations in the speed of boats led an English admiral to the supposition that the depth of water might have something to do with it. He made his first series of experiments in water which was about 45 feet deep, and the second investigations in water about 250 feet in depth. Varying the speed of his boat from 17 to 34½ knots in both series, he has established to his satisfaction that the depth of water plays no part in determining or diminishing the speed when it is greater than 50 feet. Experiments made in Denmark with a torpedo of 105 tons displacement and a maximum velocity of 20 knots showed that 12 knots was made at a depth of 10 feet and 15 knots at 18 feet. The influence of the water's depth on boats was not perceptible at 50 feet.

A CLEVER SCHEME.

A keeper recently awakened to the fact that in the silent watches of the night some of his pheasants were being systematically purloined. Footprints were always discernible; but, as there was nothing remarkable about any of them, they were of no value for detective purposes. They served, however, to suggest a plan. He went to the local cobbler and offered him a generous reward for the performance of a very simple task. When three suspected persons sent their boots for repairs, the nails or tacks were to be placed in the soles according to different designs which the keeper would provide. The son of St. Crispin agreed to the proposal, and it was carried into effect as opportunity offered. The result was that a charge of poaching was proved against two of the three men through the distinctive impressions made by their boots in the retentive soil. The cobbler's connivance in the keeper's little scheme was, of course, kept a strict secret.

COLUMBUS' SHIP MODELS TO BE EXHIBITED.

It is stated that the three models of Columbus's ships, built in Spain and sailed here and exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, are to be exhibited at the Panama-Pacific Exhibition in 1915. If the plans are carried out,

the little craft will leave Chicago, pass down the Mississippi, through the Gulf of Mexico, and so through the Panama Canal and up to San Francisco. There is something very appropriate in the suggestion; for it was in the search for a westward passage to India that Columbus set out on his classic voyage. On the last of his four voyages, he reached the Isthmus of Panama, and his name is commemorated at Colon. The vessels made the passage over the stormy Atlantic Ocean and it is not asking too much that they should cross the Gulf of Mexico and sail up the western coast to San Francisco, always supposing that they have been maintained in good repair during their long sojourn at Chicago.

A RAILROAD CLERK PENSIONED.

Forty-three years of constant service in the employ of a big corporation was rewarded in the pensioning of one of the Illinois Central Railroad's oldest employees—a woman. For the last time in nearly a half century of labors Miss Jane Fairman, one of the first women in Chicago to voluntarily accept a business life instead of a domestic one, says the Inter Ocean, dusted off her desk the other day and walked from the accounting department at Twelfth Street to resume life as a woman of leisure in her home on Monroe Avenue. Miss Fairman's record is one unique for faithfulness. Her name was the first one of a woman to be entered on the pay rolls of the Illinois Central. In accordance with the regulations of the railroad Miss Fairman will be made the possessor of an annual pass over all lines of the company and in addition to this she will be the recipient each month of a pension which, it is said, will be unusually generous.

NEED DOCTOR FOR ARCTIC.

The George Borup memorial Crocker Land expedition, which is to leave New York on July 3 to discover a new continent north of Alaska, is in need of a physician and surgeon. Dr. Donald B. MacMillan, leader of the expedition, has issued a call for volunteers. Dr. MacMillan had believed that the entire party—five men—was complete. He had selected a surgeon, Dr. E. A. Vickery, U. S. N., now stationed at the United States Naval Hospital in Brooklyn. Dr. Vickery had agreed tentatively to be of the party, and Dr. MacMillan was congratulating himself upon having obtained the best man in the field, when Dr. Vickery sent word that he would be unable to go. It was announced that when the party starts north, on July 3, it will take three passengers. They are Frank Patterson and Judge Carroll H. Sprigg, of Dayton, Ohio, and A. C. Bent, of Taunton, Mass. Mr. Patterson is a son of the head of the National Cash Register Company. Mr. Bent, who is an ornithologist, was selected by the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, to complete Captain Bendire's "Life Histories of North American Birds," which was halted by the author's death, a few years ago. He is making the trip to study the birds of the top of the world.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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